HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. II.—No. 55.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858. [Price Five Cents.

PUBLISHERS' CARD.

Mr. Thackeray's new Story, "The Virginians," with many humorous illustrations by the author, was commenced in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is printed from early sheets, received from the author in advance of publication in England; for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of $2000.

☞ With the full knowledge of this arrangement, the proprietors of the *New York Tribune*, who have been leading advocates of an international Copyright Law, and profess the warmest regard for the interests of British authors in this country, have begun

to copy this Story from our Magazine

into their paper, *though without the author's admirable illustrations.* The same parties, under the same circumstances, reprinted upon us Mr. Dickens's "Little Dorrit," for which we paid the author Two Thousand Dollars.

No American publisher can afford to give two thousand dollars for early sheets of a foreign work which is instantly reprinted upon him by a rival in business.

The course of the *Tribune* is, therefore, decidedly calculated to deprive the British author of the only compensation he can get, in the present state of the copyright law.

A MORNING AT A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly.

My dear Sir,—Why don't you send reporters to the fashionable churches? Why, I want to know, do the newspapers report lectures, concerts, operas, dramas, vaudevilles, comedies, ay, even dirt cartmen's meetings, yet have never a word for the assemblies at the fashionable churches, which, as every one will admit, are far more instructive and edifying? I do, now and then, see a sermon reported. When the Rev. Ichabod Surplice, who was perverted from Protestantism, preaches on the gross errors of the Reformation; when the Rev. Mrs. Panta Loons preaches on the text "Wives, submit yourselves unto your husbands," and proves that the apostle meant no such thing, but the very opposite—then, indeed, I perceive that the daily papers send reporters; and you, Sir, frequently give us the marrow of their report. But why is the practice not general? Believe me, you would do the public a vast good were you to send your corps of artists and writers to each fashionable church in town, and daguerreotype for us the scenes which take place there every Sunday morning. Who knows but you might be the means of bringing some erring soul from the depths of vulgar religion to the shining light of gilt-edged and perfumed piety?

I am a plain fellow, myself. We live in a pretty fair town in the interior of this State. We are plain folk, and carry out the Maine Law among us, though we've only convicted one chap, and he was an Irishman. We have a nice, trim, little church, and a first-rate minister—a Down-Easter—who preaches twice a day on Sunday, and teaches our young folk a'most every day of the week. He ain't what you'd call a smart fellow: he never pitches into the Catholics or the Unitarians; he never gets into a fume about slavery; he don't muddle plain folk's brains about transubstantiation or other tough doctrines, which are not for farmers to understand. But he just reads a few plain chapters from the Good Book, and explains all the hard verses as he goes along; and then he gives out a few verses of a psalm, and Aunt Betty and Cousin Mary they lead the singing, and we all join in, some in tune, some out of tune: and then he preaches a plain sermon, and tells us we oughtn't to sell short weight, or to mix our seed, or to overwork our help, or to let our children be idle and ignorant, or to suffer any poor, homeless creature to go hungry from our door. So, you see, preaching thus, and being besides a very kind sociable man, who comes every day to see any body who's sick, and a mighty favorite of the young ones, our minister rather suits us plain folk. I reckon that if he was hard pressed there'd be a good many purses open to him; and a good many strong chaps, I tell you, a standing before his door if any one wanted to do him a hurt. But bless you, there doesn't live the creature that doesn't love our minister Jeremiah— Never mind his other name.

I was going to say that having come to New York on business, my cousin, John Brown, whom you know I daresay, asked me what I did o' Sundays? adding, with a kind of snigger, that if regalias and sherry suited me, I would find him and them in the library all day.

I said I was a country chap, and mostly worshiped once a day at least.

On this he laughed, and bade his wife—a monstrous fine woman, I tell you—take me to church with her.

So I went, walking after Mrs. Brown, for she and her daughter, Arabella, quite filled the sidewalk with their dresses. When we reached the church door a fashionable sort of man bowed to Mrs. Brown, and came forward to meet her. Seeing him bareheaded, I thought he was the minister, and, says I—wanting to be civil—"How do you do, Reverend Sir?" Upon which that minx Arabella nearly choked herself with a laugh, and cried, "Uncle Obadiah, why that's the sexton!"

He led the way to a pew, and opened the door; after we had gone in he closed it. I had a mind to give him fip-pence, but hadn't change handy, so I nodded, as much as to say, "You score one." He stared in a mighty insolent way, and walked down the aisle like a Rajah's state elephant.

I noticed that the gentlemen, the moment they entered the church, poked their noses into their hats, and held them there for a good minute. Why is this, Mr. Editor? Do they find the air of the church overpower them? Do they carry snuff in their hats? I like to know the reasons of every thing; so when the gentleman before us had gone through the ceremony, I just stretched over and took up his hat to look at it. It was a common hat, much like my own. There was nothing in it that I could see but the maker's name. So I gave it back to him, apparently much to his relief.

I was thinking over it when the music struck up a lively air with variations. I am good at music myself, and would have given a good many dollars to have had my old banjo with me at that moment to have accompanied the organist; as it was, I tapped time with my fingers on the pew—till I saw the minister walking up the junior pulpit.

Then I stopped, of course, and the service began. I will say nothing of that old Anglican service, Mr. Editor, except that it seems to me the most touching and beautiful composition in our language, all written as it is in the grand old Saxon tongue; so plain that a child can understand it; so noble and mighty that the greatest mind finds it fill its grasp; cunningly adapted to touch some chord in every breast, and by turns to appeal to the rich, to the poor, to the happy, to the sorrowful, to the believer, and even to the skeptic. There was a Roman Catholic, or mayhap an infidel (poor fellow!)—a Frenchman and a poet of infinite grace and sympathy—ah! he died only a few months ago—who used to say that he could never read the Anglican Litany without tears. How few of us Protestants have as much heart as poor De Musset!

There were not many tears shed in my part of the church that morning. If there had been I should have seen them, for the ladies' hats didn't even cover their ears. Their eyes were very busy—a millinering, I should say. The lady in front of us had her book upside down; the two behind us got into a violent quarrel about somebody's bonnet, which one of the two said was new, while the other pretended it was an old one turned. They carried on the quarrel furiously, making the responses all the time. The effect was curious.

First Young Lady (*angrily*). "I tell you I saw it hanging at Mrs. ——. (*Softly.*) 'Good Lord deliver us.'"

Second Young Lady (*furiously*). "I tell you it was brown, with feathers, last summer. (*Tenderly.*) 'We beseech Thee to hear us.'"

First Young Lady (*savagely*). "You're a fool! (*Beseechingly.*) 'Grant us Thy peace.'"

Second Young Lady (*with dignity*). "Mrs. Impudence! (*With meekness.*) 'Have mercy upon us.'"

The Mamma (*authoritatively*). "Hold your tongues! 'Reward us after our iniquities.'"

One of the churchwardens, or deacons, or vestrymen (I don't know what they are called), took out his note-book and figured away during the pray-

COMING OUT OF A FASHIONABLE CHURCH.

ers. I can see a long distance; and, being of an inquiring mind, I just looked to see what part of the service he was noting down. His little sum was to this effect:

Sold	500 N.Y. Central, at 80........	$40,000
Bought	500 N.Y. Central, at 75........	37,500
	Balance........................	$2500
Less brokerage, ¼ p. w.		

I couldn't make out whether this was part of the Litany or the Communion. If you can make out, will you let me know?

The sermon was excellent, I must say. I think that minister must be one of the great guns of your city. I don't like to mention his name, but the way he put it into that poor, miserable Pope of Rome did my heart good. Why, Sir, he didn't leave him a toe, much less a leg, to stand on. I should think he would send in his resignation, and take to making macaroni, if he hears of the discourse. Ah, he must be a great preacher that; and how much good he must do!

When the sermon was over and the collection made (I put in a fippenny bit, but it rolled off the plate, and the grand gentleman who collected hadn't time to stop to pick it up. I noticed that it contained no end of dollars—scallywag, maybe—Cousin John says he gets rid of all his doubtful money that way), we all gathered ourselves up to go home. Again I saw the gentlemen dash their faces furiously into their hats and hold them there. One young fellow did this straight before me; so I just took him by the arm, and, says I:

"Mister, I reckon you don't put your nose in your hat for nothing; now just tell a stranger why?"

He looked at me a minute, half-laughing, then, says he:

"You won't tell?"

"No."

"It's a type," said he.

"A what?"

"A type," he repeated, solemnly; "ask the bishop." And he went away.

The going out of church is the only scene that reminds me of going in to the Opera. Of the two, I think the former the showiest and the dressiest. I asked Arabella—wishing to show her that we country folk, dull as we are, had some wit—whether she would let me carry her Opera-book (meaning her prayer-book) home?

"No, thank you," said she, with a sweet smile; "but here, take my fan; and just tell that young man with the light mustache that I count on him for the Lancers to-morrow."

So I saw that the sermon had already begun to do good.

OBADIAH.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1858.

OUR MEANS AND OUR LIABILITIES.

THE news from Europe goes to show that, after all that has been said about our insolvency, our rottenness, our reckless method of trading, our dependence upon England, and our unlawful expansion of paper credit, they are in Europe more expanded, more rotten, more reckless, more insolvent, and further from the legitimate rules of trade than we ever were. No one believed in the gigantic bubbles which have been blown in France since the Empire, but people generally did place reliance in the solidity of British trade. It has remained for this revulsion to teach us that, of the two nations, this is the soundest; not only because, as the London papers show, trade in England is more reckless and less solidly based than trade in the United States, but because we possess in our annual crop an annual income of real wealth far beyond any thing that England, or any other nation, can show. The fact lends a peculiar interest to the commercial statistics on which we touched a few weeks since.

Our whole sales to the world were, for the last fiscal year, over three hundred and sixty millions of dollars, or over thirty millions a month—nearly a million a day. Of this, nearly twenty-four millions were foreign goods, which we bought and sold again—to Canada, South America, Mexico, the East Indies, etc. Many nations with which we trade require to be paid in foreign manufactures, and we buy them accordingly.

The balance—say three hundred and forty millions—is our own produce. This is our annual contribution to the world's wealth; and a very splendid contribution it is. This is the argument we can put forward against ruin, revulsions, and panic. Sixteen dollars per head we may say, counting men, women, and children (white), is the average annual production of the people of the United States. Where is the people that can say as much?

Of this grand figure the leading item, last year, was cotton, of which we sent abroad nearly $132,000,000. The crop was large, and the price was high. Thus the cotton crop alone was nearly equal to six dollars per head of our white population. But for the cotton crop we should now be a hundred and thirty millions in debt to the foreign world. But for the cotton crop our Northern States, which are the great consumers of foreign goods, would need, this year, to retrench to that extent. But for the cotton crop the revulsion would have left us prostrate.

One may judge of the importance of the cotton export from the fact that the next greatest export—specie—was less than half as much. We sent abroad, in round figures, sixty millions of specie, almost entirely from California. But as we imported eleven millions against an export of nine in foreign bullion, we must deduct two from the gross export; and our net outgo of specie is thus reduced to fifty-eight millions, which is less than our export of breadstuffs.

Of this great staple we sold to foreign nations nearly fifty-nine millions—less than one half our cotton export. This was the contribution of the West to liquidate our foreign debt. The West also contributed something to make up our export of forest produce, animals, etc.

New England and the Central States contributed over thirty millions, in the shape of manufactures; and to this Maine added no small amount of lumber, and Vermont, New Hampshire, and New York helped to make up the sixteen or seventeen millions which we got for cattle and animal produce.

The Southern sea-board States gave over twenty millions' worth of tobacco, besides turpentine, and various smaller articles. Sugar does not figure among our large exports, the crop having been unusually scanty and the demand large.

On the other hand, our largest import was dry goods. Of linen, cotton, woolen, and silk goods, we took from abroad, in round figures, one hundred millions' worth—mostly from England. Of sugar, which comes next, we took forty-two millions, thirty-eight of which were from the islands of Cuba and Porto Rico. Of hardware, and the various metals, we bought thirty-six millions' worth—mostly from Great Britain. Then we have an item of twenty-two millions for coffee; another of ten millions for hides; another of eight for molasses, etc. All these are articles of prime necessity; and the largeness of the import implies no extravagance (save, perhaps, in the finer qualities of silks and dry goods), but only general prosperity and comfort. But what can we say of near seven millions' worth of liquors; over five millions' worth of cigars and tobacco; four millions' worth of watches; four and a half millions of embroideries—not to go deeper into the items of objects of luxury? Surely these expenses might be curtailed.

For the last two years we have spent our income. Last year we had a balance of over two millions in our favor. We shall continue to do so. So long as we can add to the world's wealth, in such tangible shapes as specie, cotton, breadstuffs, and tobacco, between three and four hundred millions annually, it will pay us well to buy our dry goods and hardware of foreign nations, and to go on opening up our waste lands. The more farmers we have the richer we shall be. The manufacturer is the slave of the agriculturist.

GOVERNOR KING ON BANKING.

EVERY man has his vocation; and it is plain that whatever is the vocation of Governor King, banking is not. He proposes, in his Message, in order to prevent revulsions and bank suspensions in future, that our city banks be compelled to keep a sum equal to one-fourth of their total liabilities in specie. This would have obliged them to have on hand, during the past year, twenty-five millions of specie—that is to say, nearly as much as they have now, under the peculiar influence of the present extraordinary state of things.

Why a quarter? Why not a third? Why more than a fifth? If the idea is to enable the banks to meet demands upon them in ordinary times, the present law will answer, as experience shows; if the design be to enable them to meet demands in time of panic, the law should oblige them to keep an amount of specie equal to *the whole* of their liabilities, not a quarter. What guarantee have we that the public will only want a quarter of their deposits? If they happened to want a third, where would be the benefit of Governor King's law?

It is quite evident that the members of the State Legislature are hungering for a crusade against the banks, with what designs every one can conjecture. It is, perhaps, a pity that Governor King, whose motives are above suspicion, should have given the jackals the scent.

THE END OF WALKER.

IT seems to be pretty generally admitted that the President's Message on Walker's arrest—the main points of which were anticipated by our editorial article last week—has finished the great filibuster. There is so much hard, practical common sense about the Messages of James Buchanan that they carry more minds with him than those of any of his recent predecessors; his candid confession that Walker was wrongly arrested, and his appeal to the practical sense of the community to make the best of it, and put a stop to filibusterism for the future, is admirably calculated to tell upon the mind of the American people.

There is, under the sounding phrases of General Walker's last letter to the President, an evident presentiment or consciousness of failure. The great Filibuster seems to feel that he has played out his game and lost it. He seems to realize that the Administration has taken its side, once for all, and will wink at no more recruiting operations. He must perceive that, in spite of the noisy congratulations which he is receiving from his Southern friends, his repeated failures have impaired the confidence of the filibusters in his availability as a leader. And he ought to discern, if his discernment be as clear as it was, that General Henningsen is doing him no good by the rather juvenile letters which he is publishing in the papers in defense of filibusterism in the abstract, and of Walker as its living embodiment.

Very few men in the present day have had as many chances as General Walker. There was a time when not only this country, but all the leading nations of Europe would have gladly recognized him as the ruler of Nicaragua, and afforded him every encouragement and aid in the consolidation of his government and the regeneration of his country. He threw away the golden opportunity, and is now reaping the bitter consequence. Vicissitude is so invariably the rule of politics in Central America that, even now, to a man of Walker's perseverance, a recovery of his lost paradise may not seem utterly impossible; but so far as probabilities go, they are immensely against him, and in favor of his gradual subsidence into obscurity and oblivion.

A LOST FRAGMENT OF A GUBERNATORIAL MESSAGE.

A GENTLEMAN who arrived here by a late train last night has brought us the following composition, which appears to have formed part of the Message of a State Governor, and to have been lost in transmission to the Legislature. Our daily contemporaries will doubtless reprint it in the right place.

Over the top are the words [to follow the directions to the Federal Government on Political affairs].

"I have noticed with great regret that the Queen of England has thought fit to adopt merciless measures with regard to the revolted Indian Sepoys. Though these rascals richly deserved punishment, I can not but think that the blowing of human creatures from guns is unworthy of a great and civilized nation, and I call upon you to place on record your disapproval of the practice. I also suggest that you might conveniently express your censure of the conduct of Captain Hodgson who, it seems, gave a pledge that the life of the King of Delhi would be spared if he surrendered himself. This matter falls peculiarly within your province.

"It devolves upon me to direct your attention to the measures which the Government of France have taken, with a view to ward off the evil consequences of the revulsion, namely, by indemnifying manufacturers for retaining their workmen in their employ at a loss. A similar course, I regret to say, has been adopted by the King of Prussia; who, however, is so ill that perhaps he doesn't know what he is doing, and ought not to be held strictly responsible for his acts. These measures will, I feel satisfied, elicit from you the censure which they deserve. I shall be happy to transmit to the governments of France and Prussia any resolutions which you may frame on the subject, and I doubt not but they will obtain, as they deserve, as serious consideration as any which you may address to the Federal Government on matters of public policy.

"I desire, further, to direct your especial attention to the recent conduct of the Sovereign of Timbuctoo, who, in various matters which I need not particularize, has conducted himself in an uncivilized, not to say a brutal manner. On you devolves the duty of bringing this potentate to his senses; and though I am not clear that the Constitution would authorize me to delegate a special envoy from this State to be the bearer of your remonstrances to the court of Timbuctoo, I have no doubt the Federal Executive would cheerfully perform this trifling service.

"Finally, it is my painful duty to bring before you statistics of the progress of cannibalism in the Marquesas Islands. I regret to say that the progress of this horrible branch of gastronomy has led to a decided change in the old customs, and to an entire abandonment of male flesh for that of females. The consequence is that the benighted savages of those islands, having devoured the bulk of their marriageable girls—in a rude and unartistic manner, I fear—are now in imminent danger of perishing from inability to perpetuate their race. You will, I doubt not, see the necessity of bringing these foreigners to their senses by some resolutions framed in a kindly yet bold spirit.

"These matters fall as clearly within your cognizance as the political concerns of the confederacy of the United States, and I trust you will devote as much attention to the one as to the other."

THE NEW U. S. DISTRICT-ATTORNEY.

AFTER a contest of some days, Theodore Sedgwick, Esq., of this city, has been confirmed by the Senate as United States District-Attorney for New York, in the room of John M'Keon, removed. For the information of persons at a distance it may be well to add that the Senate's hesitation in confirming Mr. Sedgwick was caused, not by any question of his fitness for the post—that was admitted by all—but by the unwillingness of many Senators to sanction the semblance of proscription involved in the removal of John M'Keon, on the ground of his interference in the late municipal contest in this city.

We are happy to republish the following extract from the *Evening Post*, in relation to Mr. Sedgwick's appointment:

"Viewing the nomination apart from the circumstances in which it originated, we are disposed to congratulate the country upon it. Mr. Sedgwick is a lawyer of high standing, of great ability, and of unquestioned character. There is, therefore, every reason to believe that the duties of the office will be discharged with as much fidelity and skill by him as they were by Mr. M'Keon."

We will go farther, and add that Mr. Sedgwick will bring to bear on the duties of his office a forensic skill, a fund of legal and general information, and a high sense of honor, which very few incumbents of the office have possessed. No member of the New York bar would have made a better representative of the Federal Government.

The *Evening Post*, referring to some trifling effusions which Mr. Sedgwick threw off some years since in his idle moments, and published in the *Post*, considers that his appointment was a reward for these performances. The *Post's* estimate of the merit of these communications is probably based upon their effect upon its own character and circulation. They are not likely to have been so well remembered by the President as the later and far abler productions of Mr. Sedgwick, which, as our associate editor, he published in this journal during the early months of last year; though his earlier letters were, no doubt, to the *Post*, a windfall as rare in former times as now.

BRIBERY OF THE PRESS.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers for some days to the effect that a Boston mercantile firm, which recently failed, spent a sum of $87,000 in obtaining a modification of the tariff, and that $8000 of this money was paid out by the New York house in corrupting the press here. No papers are mentioned, nor is the service specified for which the money was paid.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing the whole story—so far as the press is concerned—a baseless fabrication. It is said to be possible to purchase the good-will of a few very small and very obscure papers in this city; that is to say, it is alleged that certain papers, which the public hardly ever reads, will write up or write down a measure in consideration of advertisements or "a loan" to the proprietors. But every one who is acquainted with the New York press knows that the opinion of none of the leading dailies can in any instance be purchased for money. A journalist may devote his leisure to the service of a cause, and receive pay for his services, as a lawyer does; this is a personal matter, and implies no sale of the sheet with which he is connected. It sometimes happens that simple persons—foreigners or Western men—are swindled by adventurers who pretend to have access to the columns of this or that paper, and who sell their supposed influence for what they can get. If the New York correspondents of Messrs. Lawrence, Stone, & Co. were fleeced by rogues of this order to the tune of $8000, all that can be said is that it was the best job the rogues ever had. But to suppose that either the *Herald*, or the *Times*, or the *Courier*, or the *Journal of Commerce*, or the *Post*, or the *Commercial* received money to advocate a change in the tariff, is absurd and preposterous.

The New York dailies have themselves to blame for the utterance of such calumnious reports. If they were less governed by the spirit of rivalry, and more careful of the honor of their order, these stories about black-mail and the corruption of the press would soon cease to occupy the imagination of slanderers, and the public at large would form a juster appreciation of the character of the press.

PROSPECTS OF THE TRADE IN BREADSTUFFS.

IT seems generally agreed that our stock of breadstuffs in the city of New York at the opening of the year amounted to 600,000 or 700,000 barrels flour, and some 500,000 bushels wheat; say about as much as we had on hand on 1st January, 1856, and nearly a third more than we had on 1st January, 1857. There is still, it is calculated, some $15,000,000 worth of breadstuffs remaining in the hands of farmers in the West; detained there partly by the disorganization of exchanges consequent upon the crisis, and partly by the desire of holders to wait for better prices. This will not come on in any quantity till the opening of navigation. Those whose means enable them to wait till the full effect of the revulsion has blown over, and trade is itself again, may do well by waiting and keeping out of the market; but those who rely on their crop as a means of subsistence or of trade are running great risk in holding over to the spring.

THE LOUNGER.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

"PERRY CRANIUM," writing from far away, says, "You have amused us much; be in turn amused," and so sends the Lounger a very solemn and very long prospectus of a school, somewhere toward sunset. It contains a philosophy of education, and points out the advantages of schools in which young gentlemen and young ladies study together. This latter point is developed with ornate and obscure eloquence. Thus:

"The plan of the Institution, as a society, rests back on a primary law, that either sex alone is not society—moral, domestic, or national—but both taken together constitute the grand social unit. Hence, young ladies and young gentlemen are required to study apart and recite together; therefore, the good order of the school is neither a studied formality nor the result of discipline, but a spontaneous etiquette. Mutual deficiencies are passed by in refined silence; the young and ardent temperament is checked in its conviviality by the ever-present con-

sciousness of the duty of politeness; the mind is roused to emulation by this species of competition, and upon the same principle that those whose productions are most severely criticised become in time the most accurate, education received upon the ordeal system, serves its recipient in after life, when that received upon the hot-house plan lives a short life in the unimpressive atmosphere of yes and no, and breathes out its last when exposed to intelligent circles at a premature period of imbecility. The restraint implied in the separation of young ladies and young gentlemen in the educational economy of this age, throws a great amount of labor on the imagination. Either sex in the cloistered Halls of Modern Fashionable Boarding Schools and Colleges is ever and anon clothing the other in idolatrous drapery; real beings, and often illiterate at that, are transformed into angels of light, and the desire which the God of nature has wisely planted in the race for society is prostituted and converted into systematic flattery; and as a natural consequence of this anti-social and anti-philosophic infraction in the framework of education, the opposite extreme of rashness and imprudence is not unfrequently reached, and the gray hairs of parents brought down with sorrow to the grave."

As for Education in general, the worthy Principal has this to say:

"Education at last consists in three things:

"FIRST—Knowledge.

"SECOND—Language to express it.

"THIRD—A modest assurance of accuracy in acquiring it, to banish fear of criticism in expression. To accomplish these items collectively, the arranged burlesque of question and answer Text Books is avoided as much as possible, and the student is required to give a digest of the lesson in his or her own language, together with the arguments by which the scope of the subject is brought to view."

Finally, that the world may know the local influences and the kind of assistance which may be expected at this desirable Seminary, the world will be glad to hear that

"The Institution is situated in a quiet village in —— County, long distinguished for morality and intelligence, and alive to the responsibility that rests upon it to the rising race, the nation, and humanity. Its only endowment is the endowment of merit, and upon this let it rise or fall.

"The Associate Principal, Miss —— ——, was recommended and received with special reference to the permanency of the Institution, as one weighed in the balance before and not found wanting. And also to afford abundant opportunity, not only for a thoroughly English Classical and Ornamental Education, but to afford facilities for the elegant accomplishment of Vocal and Instrumental Music. How judiciously the trust has been reposed, is emphatically declared by her praise on every lip, the interest taken in her welfare, and the unanimous solicitude for her return by a patronage of over forty families. Her happy temperament, composure, dignity, presence of mind, patience, and lofty deportment, connected with her varied attainments and refined conscientiousness, eminently qualify her for an instructress, and render her a valuable guide to young ladies."

"H. M." *vice* ROBBINS REMOVED.

JOHN BULL long prided himself upon his auctioneer Robbins, who gave to airy nothings such a picturesque local habitation, and such a romantic name, that to read his advertisements of country seats to be sold was like reading a new chapter in the Annals of Paradise. And following the current into which the school prospectus has drifted the Lounger and his readers, every man who has too much money and a taste for country life, will be delighted to hear of the advantages which await the fortunate purchaser of a certain country seat described by a certain "H. M.," before whose gorgeous style even that of the famous Robbins dwindles and grows pale.

After describing the houses and barns in careful detail, "H. M." immediately spreads his wings and soars into the empyrean, concluding as follows —and it is clear whoever means to send his children to the school to which the Lounger has introduced his friends, should be very sure to secure this residence as his home:

"The country around this place presents a perfect panorama; in front of the house the turnpike, the railroad, the river, and the canal of the Navigation Company enliven the scene. The rides around the neighborhood are beautiful, the roads good, and the country beyond description; some of the scenery even surpassing, in beauty and grandeur, the romantic drive along the ——. Here, a contemplative mind can find cause to acknowledge and worship the Deity; seeing, as all must, from the mountain tops, and by the rivulets' side, the glory, the greatness and goodness of an all-wise and beneficent Creator. If, however, it is required and thought necessary to worship the Almighty through the forms created by weak and conceited man, churches of all denominations can be found within a very short distance; every denomination can be found within three or four miles. In regard to education, the public schools are close at hand; in addition to which, the unsurpassed Seminary of the Rev. Mr. ——, for young ladies, and the Academy of the Rev. Mr. ——, for young gentlemen, at ——, are but four miles from the place, and can be reached by railroad in ten minutes. At either of these institutions a polished and accomplished education can be received. To fully appreciate this place it must be seen, as no one can properly describe it."

TO THE FRIENDS OF PICKLED OYSTERS.

ALTHOUGH New-Year's Day has just passed, there will be other years, and other days of festal visiting. And while man remains the same there will be other and a still increasing number of friends of pickled oysters. They will thank the Lounger for a word in season, and for bringing under their eyes the following lickersome circular in relation to the esteemed bivalves. It will be as good for the next year as for the recent occasion, for which it was especially designed; and it properly continues the charming vein of advertisements upon which the Lounger has this week fortunately fallen:

"*Mr. and Mrs.*..............................

"The approaching Holidays may bring to your mind, with other things connected therewith

Pickled Oysters & Boned Turkeys,

it having become a pretty general thing to have these two dishes for New-Year's day guests.

"I wish to say that I have with greatest pains, selected a very choice lot of OYSTERS for pickling; *a very large, an entire Cargo.* It may not occur to your mind that there are two points in producing superior pickled Oysters: first, the Oyster must possess certain qualities, not known by everybody, though many say they know, the other essential point is the preperation.

"Your oft repeated orders, together with testimonials in the form of Diplomas awarded, and now in my possession, are the evidences I present as to the quality of my pickled Oysters.

"Your order is respectfully solicited early, that you may be better served.

"Evening, Wedding and other Parties supplied with Loan, Confectionery, Attendents and every requisite."

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND BEAST.

THE preceding advertisements of every kind of luxury for the human race remind the Lounger of the famous Pompeii circular, which is the most perfect of all offered to the eager traveler in Europe.

When it was thrust into the hands of a merry party who had gone out from Naples on a bright May morning, ten years ago, they laughed so long and loud that they can well believe Vesuvius still recalls the echo of their shouts; and they equally well remember how the "Fine-Hok" had the laugh upon its side, when they came to settle for their little dinner at the "Restorative Hotel."

It was printed side by side with a French copy, of which it is a literal translation.

"RESTORATIVE HOTEL FINE-HOK,

"KEPT BY FRANK PROSPERI,

"*Facing the Military Quarter*

☞ "AT POMPEI.

"That hotel open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service, and for the eccellence of the true french-cookery: Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitius to receive families, whatever, which will desire to reside alternatively into that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air.

"That establishment will avoid to all the travellers, visitors, of that sepult-city, and to the artists, (willing draw the antiquities) a great disordor, occasioned by the tardy, and expensive contour of the iron-whay. People will find equally thither, a complete sortment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot, and cold baths, stables, and coach-houses, the whole with very moderated prices.

"Now, all the applications, and endeavours of the hoste, will tend always, to correspond to the tastes and desires, of their customers, which will acquire without doubt, to him, into that town, the reputation whome, he is ambitious."

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S BOOK.

IN his preface Dr. Livingstone says that he is not a literary man, and does not know how to write a book, and forthwith proceeds to write one of the most valuable and interesting books of modern travel. His work has this unique excellence—that it is a positive addition to human knowledge. It deals with new facts, and consequently it has a direct influence upon all our theories of races and destinies.

It is full of adventure in a country which is always interesting; and the simple style of the narrative is as good a setting for the unconscious heroism of the author as that of Homer for his heroes. There is no lion so savage that his roar or shake can frighten Doctor Livingstone out of his presence of mind. He calmly speculates while he is in the grasp of the king of beasts; and when he is out of it he corrects the popular superstition of "majesty" as a characteristic of the roar of that animal.

Indeed the Doctor finds so much of absolute interest in all he meets, and his mind is so candid and calm, that he has no occasion for episodes of romance. The novel scenery, the new tribes, the methods of life, are so dissimilar to all our own that the description is romance enough. Livingstone confirms the probability of the stories of Gordon Cumming, whom he knew in Africa, and to whom he furnished guides and knowledge.

Besides the constant necessary adventure of such a life in an utterly wild land, the great interest of the book consists in the views it suggests of new chances for the civilization of the future.

Dr. Livingstone pierced the African continent and crossed it; and his observations upon the African races, their capacity and possible development, are of the profoundest interest. There is nothing dry or dull in his work. He was so heartily in earnest in his travels that the account of them must be any thing but commonplace. You perceive, and honor the *man* throughout; and you secretly say to yourself, "Lo! a missionary who is a missionary." If there were more such, Heathendom would hardly be so impregnable.

It seems that the English Government understand the value of such a subject as Dr. Livingstone, and will pay £5000 toward the expenses of his contemplated journey up the Zambesi.

Perhaps at last the Doctor will push through all the African mysteries, including the equator, and pass from the Cape of Good Hope to the Nile.

OUR LETTER-BOX.

IF all who have charge of letter-boxes are as much pleased with the business as the Lounger, he does not wonder at the anxiety displayed by multitudes of his fellow-citizens, upon the accession of each new Administration, to be appointed to the delightful post, nor at the singular tenacity with which they hold on to it when they are once in possession.

They have not, indeed, like the more fortunate Lounger, the opportunity of looking into all the letters which are dropped into the box; but the very consciousness of handling the silent missives which convey such pleasure to their fellow-creatures, is satisfaction enough for the candid and affectionate natures of the official Loungers of the government—that class of amiable philanthropists in whom our happy country is so abundantly blessed—simple, disinterested citizens! They have no other aim than to confer happiness upon their fellow-beings!

"BROOKLYN, *January*, 1858.

"MR. LOUNGER,—From some little indication that I have occasionally seen exhibited in your valuable journal to reform the abuses of this progressive age, may I not hope that you will take up the cudgel and endeavor to reform one of the most detestable nuisances that mankind ever inflicted upon all that class of unfortunate females who are compelled by force or convenience to cross the river that divides this city and New York in the boats of the Fulton Ferry Company? No female, no matter how ordinarily dressed she may be, but what must suffer from being compelled to wade through the streams of tobacco juice that are constantly ejected from the moss-covered lips of a very large majority of the 'Lords of Creation' that throng this great thoroughfare.

"They do not seem satisfied in subjecting us to the trouble of clearing our skirts from the huge balls of moist tobacco that are scattered in profusion from one end of the boat to the other, but oftentimes compel us to wade ankle-deep through streams of filth that would disgust a Hottentot. I would suggest to the managers of the Ferry Company the propriety of employing the same diligence in excluding from the ladies' cabin *habitual chewers* that they use in keeping the *habitual smokers* among the four-footed tribe where they belong. If men are determined to use tobacco, let them occupy that portion of the boat where they can puff its fragrance and extract its essence without subjecting a cargo of ladies to its baneful effects. It is a nuisance that can not be longer tolerated; and unless it is soon abated, I propose to call a meeting of the ladies of New York and Brooklyn to take into consideration the propriety of applying to the Ferry Company to appropriate a boat for the exclusive use of their lady passengers, and, if necessary, to build one of sufficient capacity to accommodate even those who are now compelled by the magnitude of their hoops, and a desire to appear fashionable, to forego a trip to New York, in consequence of the manifest incompetency of the accommodations afforded them.

"Your efforts in a cause of this kind will give your lady readers renewed encouragement to hope that in you they have found a champion ever ready to protect them in their rights, and fully prepared to battle manfully in their behalf in redressing a grievous wrong.

"Truly yours, MELINDA BROADSKIRT."

—Mrs. Broadskirt may be very sure of the Lounger's sympathy and assistance in this good work. He will most cordially advocate the calling of such a meeting, and he hereby invites Mayor Tiemann, if he intends to fulfill the hopes that his election has excited, to bring the matter before the Common Council, and summon the meeting.

And when the Ferry Company, with their notorious readiness of compliance with the public will, shall have established the boat for ladies only, the Lounger submits to Mrs. Melinda, whether he will not have earned the privilege of making his voyages to Brooklyn in that particular boat.

Meanwhile, in anticipation of that bright result, he will bend his energies to beating the sinners with their own weapons, by helping smoke them out of the places they now infest.

"CHRISTMAS DAY 1857.

"I inclose in this my subscription. My wife delares that she wood soonner give up new bonnets and hoopes than go without it, Saying the Loungers department is worth doubel the subscription heres to his good health and better acquaintance in my best bumper of egg-nogg. More power to his elbow and magick pen.

"May he live to improve the present age by his Wisdom wit sincerity and truth and see his grate grate grandchildren profit by his virtuous exampel.

"Send it around to your seventy five thousand Subscribers may they increase and multiply as the stares and be as gratefully contented admirers as your

"—— ——."

—The Lounger will not mention his friend's name; but he thanks him with the same sincerity with which the letter is written, and will ask him one question.

Dr. Kane once said in the hearing of the Lounger, that one bitter day when his little vessel was fast in the shadow of the great Greenland glacier, he saw one of the men sitting absorbed in a book he was reading. His interest was so profound that the Doctor was curious to know what book it could be, and upon going up to him and asking him, the sailor answered "Pendennis."

Now, does the Lounger's friend, —— ——, suppose Thackeray was more pleased to hear of that little incident, or to know that Prince Albert had been reading the same story in Buckingham Palace?

SING SING, *Jan.* 3, 1858.

MR. LOUNGER,—Your "Old Bachelor Contributor," while on the subject of Kisses, ought to have enumerated the different kinds mentioned in the Bible. I subjoin them, to add a quota toward completing the list. Yours truly,

A BENEDICT.

The Kiss of Salutation.....	See	2 Sam. xx. 41.
The Kiss of Reconciliation.	"	2 Sam. xiv. 23.
The Kiss of Approbation...	"	Prov. ii. 12.
The Kiss of Valediction....	"	Ruth, ii. 9.
The Kiss of Subjection.....	"	Ps. ii. 12.
The Kiss of Adoration......	"	1 Kings, xiv. 18.
The Kiss of Affection.......	"	Gen. xiv. 15.
The Kiss of Treachery.....	"	Matt. xxiv. 49.

Bohemian Walks and Talks.

"BOHEMIA IN NEW YORK."

A JOURNAL which I always read with pleasure, the *Daily Times*, takes up the distinguished confraternity of Bohemians in this city, dealing with them tenderly, lightly, and in a thoroughly gentlemanly way. I quite indorse the conclusions to which the writer arrives, thus:

"It would be better to cultivate a familiarity with any kind of coarse and honest art, or any sort of regular employment, than to become refined and artistic only to fall into the company of the Bohemians. They are seductive in their ways, and they hold the finest sentiments, and have a distinctive aversion of any thing that is low or mean, or common or inelegant. Still, the Bohemian can not be called a useful member of society, and it is not an encouraging sign for us that the tribe has become so numerous among us as to form a distinct and recognizable class, who do not object to being called by that name."

I can not, however, agree with the premises laid down, that the "Bohemian is either an artist or an author *whose special aversion is work;*" that he *must* be "decidedly given to debt;" and that he *must* always have done unsuccessful things. True, the Bohemian must be an artist or an author, but not necessarily an unsuccessful or a dishonest one, or a lazy one. Let me mention the names of a few distinguished Bohemians in Paris, such as BERANGER, PLANCHE, DUMAS the elder, LISZT, VIVIER, and THEOPHILE GAUTIER. Have they been unsuccessful? VIVIER is the richest of them all, and he has no fixed habitation. If you desire to meet him you must leave a note addressed to him at a cigar shop in the *Boulevart des Italiens*, making an appointment in the *Café du Helder*. In London the Bohemians have had in their ranks CHARLES DICKENS, WILKIE COLLINS, RUSSELL (of the *Times*), ALBERT SMITH, the brothers BROUGH, JOHN LEECH, JAMES HANNAY—in fact, almost every author whose name is known on this side of the Atlantic. It is the Bohemian spirit which gave us the Messrs. Weller, Mr. Richard Swiveller, Mr. Montague Tigg, and a thousand other of Dickens's splendid portraits in his earlier works; while we need hardly refer to Mr. Micawber and the elder Mr. Dorrit, to show that he continues his life-studies from the streets, the slums, and the prisons. Who but a Bohemian could have given us those exquisite London street boys by Mr. Leech? Who but a Bohemian could have "done" the Rhine after the fashion of Albert Smith? Who but a Bohemian could have roughed it in the Crimea as William Russell did? Have these men shown any aversion to work? They may have been dilatory, and spent much time in taverns, and the streets, and the fields; but I could name now the chief of the London Bohemians, whose labors extend over a greater number of hours in the whole year than any mechanic in the United States—except, perhaps, the printers employed upon the daily papers. Likewise could I give the names of Bohemians in New York, whose works are numerous and successful. The simple difference between the Bohemian worker and other workers is, that the former takes, sometimes, rather odd hours in which to do his work. The majority say he is a fool; but he regards the majority with benign pity, and refers them to the fact that SHAKSPEARE, BEN JONSON, and DICK STEELE were all more gipsyish than the worst Bohemians of the present day.

The true Bohemian I think I have already defined in these papers. He is simply a wanderer, with no particular attachment to any abiding place, or fixed business habits, or respect for conventionalities or forms, or of persons, or of humbugs or shams, or false pretenses or nonsense of any kind. All this does not prevent him from being a gentleman, or militate against his success, or induce him to defraud his creditors—that is, if any literary man or artist, without other resources than his own labor, can have creditors in a thoroughly money-grubbing community like this. The *Times* writer has simply endeavored to define, by an arbitrary rule, a class of persons who know nothing of rules whatever, and who are therefore altogether indefinable.

I do not write this in self-defense, as every one will see. The papers to which this distinctive title has been affixed will, as heretofore, wander, gipsyize, stroll, or gallop over a great variety of subjects, and it is that element of discursiveness which the name is intended to illustrate. Still, I do not think that even the *Times* writer would object to being called a Bohemian, when he thoroughly understands the definition of the term. I am quite sure I should not.

A BIT OF ADVICE.

A correspondent desires to know how he shall escape being swindled by the omnibus-drivers, or suffocated in the city railways.

REPLY. Walk.

A HINT FOR NEW BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARIES.

BOWLEGS, W., Esquire. I do not intend to give an extended biographical sketch of the eminent Native American whose name is above-mentioned; but, actuated by a sincere desire to assist the *savans* who are now at work upon new biographical dictionaries, and at the same time to pay a deserved tribute to a gallant band of the defenders of our country's glory, I have picked out a bit of information about William from the Washington correspondence of one of the dailies.

Nobody reads Washington correspondence, and I only lighted upon this in a moment of despair after I had finished the ship-news and the money-market, neither of which departments is of the slightest interest to me, for obvious reasons. William, it will be remembered, is a mighty drinker of whisky and slayer of white men. He inhabits some extraordinary place in Florida, and no end of cavalry, and infantry, and militia, and volunteers have been sent after him. I suppose that the efforts to dislodge Mr. Bowlegs have cost our mutual Uncle at least half a million of dollars. He is not like Uncas, or Massasoit, or Powhatan, or Osceola, or any of the "big Indians" of former days. He is only a whisky-drinking old blackguard, is Bowlegs. Some time ago William found himself in a tight place, and surrendered. He paid a visit to Great Father Pierce at Washington, and gave his *parole d'honneur* that he would take himself off to some lands which were reserved for him west of the Mississippi. I suppose he must have become corrupted by his stay in the Capital, for he broke his *parole*, and sent word to the Great Father that he couldn't think of leaving Florida while the whisky held out. This took place over two years ago, and since that time all attempts to capture Mr. B. have been unsuccessful. At last, however, a Captain Somebody has succeeded in finding Mrs. Bowlegs and some of her female friends. At the head of one hundred and fifteen men this gallant man of battle hath captured 'an aged warrior, five squaws, and thirteen children—the eldest child seven years old—and killed one boy two years old." One of the squaws had Mr. Bowlegs's daguerreotype, taken in Washington, and the conclusion is that she is Mrs. B., and that William can't be far off. It seems, however, that the brave army retreated to camp. Capturing the old warrior, the women and children, and killing the boy two years old, was glory enough for one day. The dispatch says that the command deserve great commendation, etc., etc. We hope they will get it; and it is gratifying to know that they have no list of killed and wounded to report. The country can not afford to lose the services of heroes who capture women and kill children of tender age. This great achievement is only paralleled by the grand actions of the navy in the bombardment of Greytown and the seizure of Walker and his men at

Punta Arenas. In both the last-named brilliant battles no lives were lost on our side, and the officers and men behaved in the most gallant manner. I hope that Congress will vote all of them swords, or thanks, or medals, or something of that sort; and as I see that some Pawnee Indians are soon to visit this city, I would recommend that the smallest, tenderest child in the group should be roasted in the Park, under the direction and supervision of the Common Council. Meanwhile let the troops in Florida stick to hunting the female members of the Bowlegs family. It is quite good sport, I have no doubt, and much safer than attacking the old rascal in his proper person.

RELIEVING BROADWAY.

I DON'T think the Arcade plan suggested lately in the *Weekly* will answer. Shops in Arcades are never popular. The Grand Passage in Brussels is perhaps the only exception. The Rue de Rivoli, the Passage des Panoramas, and the Passage de l'Opera, in Paris, are occupied chiefly by small dealers. The grand shops are on the Boulevards, in the Rue Vivienne, the Rue de Richelieu, and the Rue de la Paix. The carriage way in our chief avenue is wide enough if we were not bored by an overplus of omnibuses, which saunter lazily along at the rate of two miles an hour. Why should not half these nuisances be obliged to drive up the side streets, and turn into Broadway at Union Square? To make it perfectly fair, the several lines might be divided so that they could take Broadway on alternate days. There would still be omnibuses enough for the public in Broadway, while persons who had a long distance to ride would get over the ground much faster, because the omnibus-drivers being of a speculative, inquiring, and imaginative turn of mind, as well as extremely social in their habits, have so much swearing, and talking, and looking at the shops, or fights, or horses who have fallen down, or exchanging salutations with numerous Bills and Jims in a crowded thoroughfare, that their progress is considerably impeded. I hope that the new Mayor does not own any omnibus stock, and that as soon as he gets through with Mr. Flagg's figures he will look into the matter, and also do away with the nuisance of a crowd of omnibuses in front of the places of amusement at night.

ANOTHER SMALL NUISANCE.

"Book of the Opera, Sir! Book of the Opera! Book of the Opera!" That's the *entr'acte* at the Academy every night. It must be stopped altogether, or else the artists must be sent in front to sell the books. The words might be bearable if arranged in a *cabaletta*, or sung by Madame de la Grange, as Mary Taylor used to sing "Hot Corn" long ago; but the youths who chant them now have singularly bad voices, and are shockingly out of time and tune. Away with them!

DOGOGRAPHS.

BY A FAST YOUNG PUPPY.

I.—THE LOW DOG.

HIS name is Towzer, *alias* Pincher, *alias* Boxer, *alias* Dash, *alias* Now-then, *alias* Here-you, *alias* Get-out, *alias* Come-out-of-that. He has also been called S-s-s-tt. He is of a mongrel breed—as you may see—and aristocratic dogs looked down upon him in his most prosperous days. He was born in a neighborhood known by the euphonious name of "Back-slums," and his mother and father made their living in ways not recognized by, and scarce to be mentioned to, the ears polite of reputable dogs. The one found her means of subsistence among the offal and garbage of the street; while the other—rather a vicious dog in his way—was an adroit thief, always upon the alert to pry into neglected market-baskets, and known and feared of the corner butchers, from whose stalls he had made a stolen meal.

In his puppy days, our low dog was bright and quick. His sportive gambols won him many a kindly glance, and more than an occasional bone, from the dwellers in his street. And there was a time when, had the little puppy fallen into proper hands, he would have been something honest. But those same qualities, which would have made him, under proper auspices, a kindly play dog, and, when matured, a faithful and useful house-dog, became, when perverted, the means of binding him down to his present condition. Uncared for by his father and mother, our low dog spent his puppy days in the streets among other puppies of low degree. Here, while he won himself a cheap distinction by his superiority in puppyish tricks, he was soon introduced to the petty misdemeanors of his companions, and early became a skillful young thief, with a keen eye to a carelessly-carried piece of meat, and an alert step down an open area.

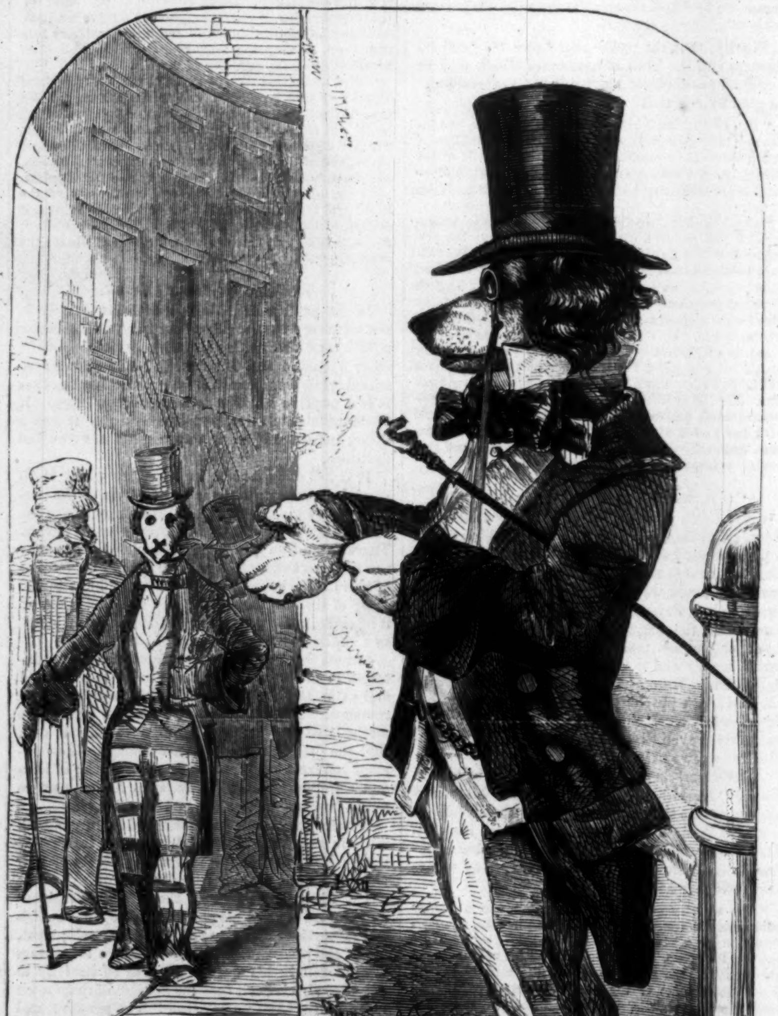
At length, caught in the act of abstracting a sausage from a market woman's basket, he felt himself grabbed by the neck, and, looking up whiningly, beheld the face of his first master. This individual, smooth, cat-like, and plausible, first looked at our low dog with a scowl which frightened him; and then, tying a rope about his neck, told him, in a determined tone, to "come along."

Our dog soon thought his fortune made. He was taken to what seemed to him a sumptuously-furnished apartment, where he was first washed and caused to look respectable; then well fed—how he did gormandize!—and then left for twenty-four hours alone with a basin of water. When he had grown ravenously hungry his master reappeared. He proceeded to dress up a lay-figure, and to deposit ostentatiously in its coat pockets a sausage, wrapped in a handkerchief, the end of which was permitted to stick out in view of our low dog's hungry eyes. The master turned his attention to another part of the room. Driven by hunger, Towzer made his way cautiously to the lay-figure, and, keeping one eye upon his master, who pretended to be looking out of the window, carefully and silently drew the handkerchief and coveted sausage from the pocket. Three gulps put down the last, and then Towzer, looking up guiltily, found the eye of his master fixed upon him in an approving smile.

In short, Towzer had taken his first lesson in picking pockets. His new master had discerned in him an apt scholar—and he was not deceived. A few weeks' training sufficed to make our low dog an expert at his new business; and now he was started out at ten o'clock each day, on an empty stomach, to work for his dinner—which was earned only when he had carried to his master at least a dozen handkerchiefs.

Towzer rather liked the excitement of his profession. But one day a watchful policeman saw him in the act of making off with a pocket-handkerchief, followed him, and caught both him and his master. Towzer's master was jugged, Towzer was cast upon the world with the habits of a bad trade upon him, fell into ill hands, lost character upon the street, sank lower and lower till even his former companions disowned him; and, finally, having contracted all manner of bad habits, became a confirmed and notorious market loafer, brawler, and common thief. He will probably end his career by a violent death; in fact, he would probably have been shot ere this, had any one thought him worth the necessary powder.

THE LOW DOG.



THE FAST DOG.

II.—THE FAST DOG.

The fast dog is something of a braggart, and tells his own story:

"I am sick of life—sick as a dog. I have exhausted every pleasure in it, and am prepared to say that the world is a bore. Nothing excites me; nothing amuses me. If you were to get up, for my especial gratification, a concert of sixteen cats and fiddles; if you were to train a whole herd of cows to jump over the moon in my presence; if you were to take me to a coursing match, where the swiftest of gravy-spoons should be hunted by a pack of thorough-bred dishes—none of these exciting sports would make this dog laugh.

"I am a British dog. I need not tell you this, for your true-born Briton is recognized at once. He is superior to all other beings. I come of one of the first families in the land—am, in fact, one of those envied dogs who may be said to be born with silver skewers in their mouths. My habitual residence through life has been in the snuggest corner of the comfortable land of Clover. I have been nourished exclusively on that agreeable oleaginous compound known as the 'fat of the land.' My first draught of milk was taken in the lap of Luxury. I have never had the slightest distemper; and can lay my paw on my heart and affirm, on the honor of a Blenheim, that I never saw a flea in my life!

"I was the eldest and handsomest of a litter of five; the other four brats were drowned. It is the fashion—which is as much as to say the law—among dogs of high birth to sacrifice the majority of a family to the interests of one favored member. Some two-legged people in Britain have the like fashion, I have been informed.

"Of course I was brought up by hand. My mother, being high-born, was delicate, and could not be expected to take the trouble of nursing me. Besides, in our station in life family ties do not count for much, and we have long ago done away with squeamish affections.

"Having grown up into a handsome dog—as it was quite natural I should—I became a member of the family of Lady Flora Puglove; pleased with the thought of there seeing something of life, and earning the distinctions which I coveted.

"I have heard in my time a great deal of nonsense about the fidelity of the dog. I dare say it may be a very necessary virtue among the lower canine orders. For my own part, I admit frankly that I was always remarkably fickle in my affections. I got tired of Lady Flora in a fortnight. Her lavish attentions bored me, and, after all, her society was not strictly first-class. Among her visitors was a lovely marchioness (who shall be nameless) whose manner pleased me very much. I determined to effect her conquest. She was fond of handsome puppies; it soon became evident that she was pining for me. I timed matters correctly—bit Lady Flora in the finger on the very morning when my Countess came modestly to make known to that lady her love for me. In her indignation Lady Flora yielded me—and I was happy.

"But I soon got tired. I get tired of every thing, in fact—tired of worrying Angora cats and pet Canaries, of killing parrots and wounding the calves of favorite footmen. Tired eventually of my Countess—who also tired of me, and gave me away. I began going down hill. Fast Dogs do, I have noticed, at a certain period of their lives; and perceiving this I did what Fast Dogs under such circumstances generally do—made love to a rich old lady, with a view to settling myself in life. I was successful, as usual. She adopted me—died, and left me a fortune during *my* lifetime, with two servants to wait upon me. They have the care of me, and of course are my slaves. We have been traveling for a little wholesome excitement. But I am tired of it.

"I am tired of writing, too."

TRAVEL NOTES IN BIBLE LANDS.

No. XXV.

(From our own Correspondent.)

An Accident and a Delay.—The Euphrates Railway.—Luke the Physician.—The Start for Antioch.—A romantic Adventure.—Six beautiful Ladies.—An American or English Lady among the Armenians.—A strange Interview.—The Ladies disappear.—Arrival at Antioch.—Who is she?

ALEXANDRETTA is, as you probably recollect, the proposed terminus on the Mediterranean of the new railway to the Euphrates Valley, and I confess that I have great confidence in the ultimate completion of this road.

In odd papers that have from time to time reached me from America, I have seen curious speculations about a railway in Holy Land, and writers have suggested that Jerusalem and other places would be important stations on the line. I know not out of what these notions have grown. No railway project is known of in the East which has a line within a hundred miles of Jerusalem; nor does it seem probable that within knowledge of the present generation there will be a rail laid in what is properly Holy Land. But if this line be completed which is now sincerely projected, it will be curious enough to go over it, especially for those who have in former years traversed these countries on horseback, and with slow baggage trains.

How would Luke, the good doctor of old Antioch, be astounded by a railway train! I fancy that even he would have been puzzled to attend to the exigencies of a collision! And then to run by Aleppo at express speed, and be landed on the bank of the Euphrates in the evening of the same day you left the sea-coast!

I had a tedious time of it in getting up to Antioch.

On the day that I rode out to the battle-field of Issus, my mare, in crossing a dense, thorny cover that I was forced to take, hurt her off fore foot, and when I reached the town was dead lame. The poor creature, with the determination that her breed is so celebrated for, showed no sign of injury so long as I was on her. She must have borne great pain all the way home, for I found a thorn run nearly into the joint, and it was marvelous she did not fall with me. The accommodations at Alexandretta were of the vilest. Our English friends had the only tolerable rooms in the caravanserai, to which, by using blankets and Persian carpets, and shawls and cloaks, they imparted something of an air of comfort, but John and myself slept on the ground floor, in a hole that I was ashamed to bring my horse into.

For I did bring her in as soon as I ascertained her condition. The night was cold, and I was alarmed by the nature of the wound. We all slept together, therefore, that night, as indeed we had done a great many times before.

The next morning she was doing well; but on the third day, seeing that it was out of the question for me to go, I sent the party off, promising to come up to Antioch in as few days as the animal's injury would permit.

I had a lonely time of it in that little town for a week. Occasionally I rode out on a donkey to the battle-field, and sometimes I climbed the steep hill-sides and looked off over the sea and around the sweep of the northeast corner of the Mediterranean, striving to catch glimpses of the hills near Tarsus, but in vain.

At last she was well, and I tried her a day on the beach, and another day on the hills, and then started for the old city of grandeur and of fame, where the disciples were first called Christians.

We left Alexandretta in the early morning, thinking to reach Antioch by evening. The distance can scarcely be forty miles, and although the roads are not exactly fit for a fast gait, one would suppose we could have accomplished that in a day. And we should have done so under ordinary circumstances, but an incident occurred on the way which not only delayed us over the night, but which was, and still is, a puzzle to both Selim and myself, nor have we found any one in Antioch who is able to explain it to us.

We had crossed a ridge and were descending to a plain that stretches away to the northeast, rattling along at a somewhat better pace than usual, when from a sort of cross-ravine dashed out a party of men, twenty-two in all, dressed in a costume approaching more nearly that of the Mount Lebanon Druses than any other Orientals that I have hitherto seen. They wore the Nizam dress, that is, the broidered jacket and flowing trowsers, and their faces were wrapped up in white cloths, giving them the appearance of dead men on horseback, with the grave bandages still on them, only their black eyes flashed out on us.

They were around us in an instant, and we were captured without so much as a chance to make any resistance. It was altogether an inglorious affair. I am sorry to be obliged to write it, but I must, if I would be a faithful historian of my own adventures.

Yielding to the inevitable necessity of the occasion, we acknowledged ourselves captives, and sat silently waiting the demonstrations of the enemy. Very singularly there was not a man among them that could speak any language that we knew, and it was impossible for us to exchange a word with them. They spoke what I supposed to be Armenian, but it was of a barbarous sort, if there be any such, for out of a dozen or so of Armenian words that Selim and I could produce between us, they could not understand one; and it was by dint of the most unmistakable signs—to wit, their taking our horses' bridles and leading us—that we were informed that they desired our company.

"Needs must go when the devil drives, Selim," said I; and Selim appreciated the proverb, though he had never heard it, and grunted a guttural "Inshallah," which is an Arabic way of saying the same thing.

PILGRIMS ENCAMPED NEAR ANTIOCH.

I have not space to give you details of the adventure. They led us up and down the passes until, at sunset, we found ourselves in a wild gorge of the hills, and approaching an encampment of a dozen tents.

One of these was larger than the others, and before it a guard was standing, indicating that a person of rank was within the curtains. To this we were led, and they beckoned us to dismount. I obeyed, and entered the tent, accompanied by two of the guard. The interior was a splendid affair. Curtains of the richest silks hung over the upper part, and the ground was covered with the rarest and richest Persian carpets. An odor of delicate perfumes filled the air. The cushions were of splendidly embroidered silk, and altogether the view was astonishing and bewildering.

The guards who entered with me bowed their heads and covered their faces as they entered. It was none of my business to follow their example, and I looked boldly around me.

The tent was occupied by half a dozen ladies, of whom one was chief, and also chief of the men who had captured me. This was sufficiently evident by the deference paid to her. I was not so much struck with this, however, as with her splendid beauty. She was not young, that is to say, she was perhaps forty; but her complexion was faultless, her eyes were blue as the sky, her lips were red, her whole bearing was queenly. It is seldom that such women are seen in the East, and still less frequently are they seen as this lady was, with face uncovered.

She addressed me in Arabic, and I replied in the same tongue.

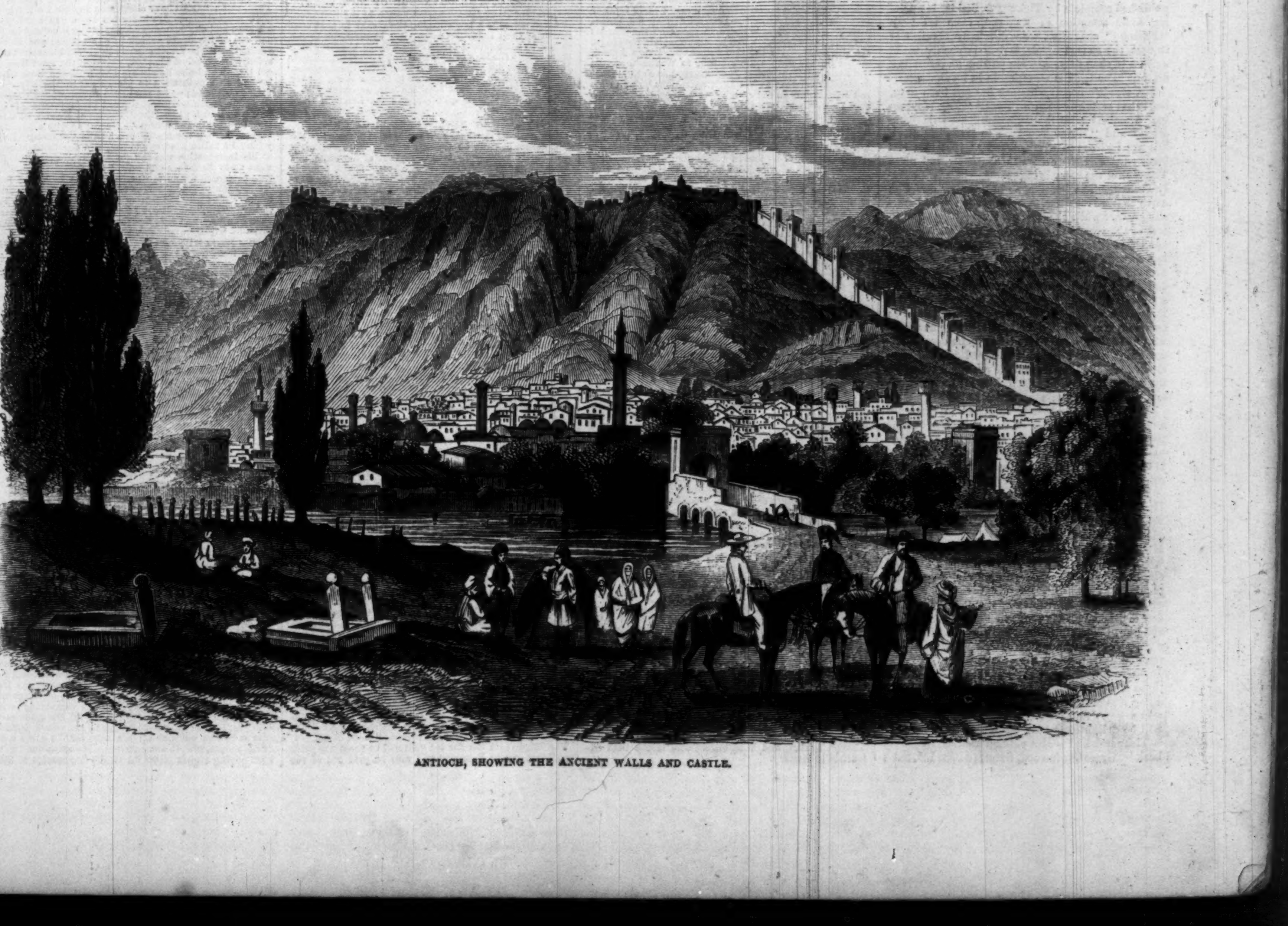
"I trust that my people have not too much delayed your journey by bringing you to see me?"

"If it was by your orders that they have acted I have no complaint to make, but, on the contrary, I have to thank them."

"You are kind"—and she waved her hand to her guard, who vanished, leaving me alone with the ladies, five lustrous girls, who now obeyed their mistress's example, and threw off the vails from their dazzling faces. Imagine my astonishment and perplexity; but imagine, if you can, my overwhelming wonderment when the lady addressed me in as plain English as you talk in New York!

I must pass over this evening rapidly, for were I to relate to you every word of the conversation, which lasted till after midnight, you would be no whit wiser than I am about my fair hostess or captor. We talked of every thing under heaven except herself; for, whenever my questions were that way inclined, she checked me with a smile, and turned to other topics. She had been in New York, in Boston, in Philadelphia. She had been, too, in many European cities. I could not even tell whether she was English or American. As the evening advanced we had a delicate supper that would have done honor to the Place Vendôme in its best days, and a cup of coffee that very never equaled.

The other ladies chatted away in Armenian, or whatever was the unknown tongue that the men had used, and sometimes they gathered around their beautiful mistress and listened, wondering with large eyes wide open, to the unintelligible talk of their lady and the stranger. I wish, for the benefit of your lady readers, that I could describe their dresses; but I should fail in that. Their white necks and shoulders and flashing eyes, as they



ANTIOCH, SHOWING THE ANCIENT WALLS AND CASTLE.

grouped around their queenly mistress, made a picture in Oriental life that I shall not soon forget.

We parted at an hour after midnight. She did not tell me why she had sent for me, and I anticipated further revelations in the morning. The morning came, and I awoke in the tent which had been assigned to me, threw open the curtain to look out, and found myself alone. Tents, guard, and ladies had vanished.

I called aloud, and Selim sprang to his feet from among the low brush that grew near at hand. Shortly afterward one man appeared, leading two mules. He made signs that I was to mount my own horse, and I obeyed. Selim and he struck the tent, packed it and the splendid cushions on which I had slept, and laid them on the mules, and we took up our line of march. In three hours' time our eyes were greeted with a burst of splendor—the full sunshine on the old walls of Antioch.

While we paused to look at them, the stranger slipped something into the hand of Selim and disappeared. The latter handed me a piece of folded paper on which were written, in a very good and rather English hand, these words:

"We are all travelers. You should not be without a tent in this country. Accept one from me, who have to thank you for a pleasant evening and for news from home."

The last word was blotted as if she had begun to write another and then had chosen this.

Such was my adventure, and I submit it to you, if it is not a strange one, sounding like a page out of the Arabian Nights. If you know of any English or American lady that is just now playing the Lady Hester Stanhope in the East, perhaps you can enlighten our ignorance. But, for the present, I and all whom I meet in Antioch, are alike unable to solve the mystery. As for the tent, I'll be hanged if I know what to do with it. But for it and the cushions and the two mules, I believe John Steenburger would think the whole story a fiction, but he knows that such silk does not grow in Iskanderoon. I must leave for my next my sketches of Antioch.

LITERARY.

THE admirers of Mrs. Sigourney—and they are numbered in this country and Europe by thousands—will welcome another book from her pen. LUCY HOWARD'S JOURNAL (published by Harper & Brothers) is an exceedingly delicate and delicious story of the life of an American girl, from the earliest childhood to the mature woman of twenty-two. The blank pages of the Diary which she commences are the pages of the child's future history. Page by page she writes them over as life brightens or blots the days and years. In the whole we have a faithful record of the inner home life of our countrywomen when our mothers were young, in the first part of this century. The very accomplished author suffers no errors of thought or of ethics to mar her lessons. In sketching the life of Lucy Howard she teaches, as none knows better how to teach than she, the lessons of young life; and mothers and daughters will accept and value the book as a charming extract from their own past or present experiences. A year ago we expressed the wish, which we may be permitted here to renew, that Mrs. Sigourney may be long spared to continue her admirable works, and to enjoy the serene and peaceful hours of her "past meridian."

WHITE LIES, Charles Reade's last novel, now published complete by Ticknor & Fields, is exciting some attention in England, from its very "Frenchy" character. So decidedly Gaulish is it that the charge of plagiarism is openly made against it, though no one can put his finger on any origin. The book is remarkable in its character.

Mr. Reade's literary history has not been long, but it has certainly been brilliant. "Peg Woffington" promised great things, which "Christie Johnstone" and "Never Too Late to Mend" fulfilled. We are inclined to think, however, that this last book surpasses the others in character and plan. The plot of the story is ingenious, while it is purely French. The heroine, as in no other novel on earth that we recollect, marries one lover, and marries another while the first yet lives; keeps the secret of the second marriage from the first husband until fate discovers it; is divorced from the first lover, while the marriage with the second is confirmed; and in the end all parties are well satisfied. The book is spirited and Reade-like. Men and women talk like men and women, and not like puppets. Incidents happen very much as in commonplace life, but work out the romance as well as if they were lugged in by the cars. The writer, as usual, rejects all received rules of novel-writing, of rhetoric, and of grammar; but in the end makes a book which, like all he has written, possesses uncommon attractiveness.

White Lies has been dramatized in England, and Miss Laura Keene, of this city, has become possessed of the play, which can not fail to be popular if it has been even tolerably done. The plot is eminently dramatic and lively, full of amusing *contretemps*.

Ticknor & Fields send us Mayne Reid's PLANT HUNTERS, an admirable book for boys who love adventurous stories in which instruction is faithfully given with the fun and the incident. The Plant Hunters are botanists in the Himalaya country, who seek exotics for European hot-houses, and find elephants and tigers as well as strange trees and plants.

THE YOUNG COMMODORE (published by Sheldon & Blakeman) is also a capital book for the children. We think that we can trace in the story a sketch of the wanderings of the American squadron under Commodore Breese, two years ago, in the Mediterranean, two or three of the incidents being those of which we heard at the time. The hero is a boy who accompanies his father in a cruise, and sees a great many curious things which the boys will be delighted to hear of.

Ticknor & Fields also publish another sparkling book by Grace Greenwood, STORIES AND LEGENDS OF TRAVEL, FOR CHILDREN, in which she collects many of her pleasantest travel memories, and in which the young will be interested. These books—the Plant Hunters, The Young Commodore, and Stories and Legends—belong to the same class with Abbott's Histories and other similar books, which are far preferable for the use of the young, and much more acceptable and useful to children, than the small stuff of which their books are too often built.

In the same class we may place WILLIS THE PILOT; a Sequel to the Swiss Family Robinson, published by Mayhew & Baker, Boston. Few boys of the last twenty years have failed to experience the delight of reading "The Swiss Family Robinson." Next to "Robinson Crusoe," it is the most enticing book of children's reading. This sequel to it is very well done, abounding in adventure, and occasionally in fun. Boys that have grown up since they read the former book will not find this dull. The ingenious intermingling of amusement and instruction, which was a characteristic of its predecessor, is preserved in the sequel with much skill.

We have had lying on our table for some weeks past a small volume, which we have not noticed for lack of space, and which we must even now pass with few words. Dr. Seyfarth's SUMMARY OF RECENT DISCOVERIES IN EGYPTIAN CHRONOLOGY, etc. (with special reference to Dr. Abbott's Museum in New York), is worthy the careful perusal of all readers. Although differing essentially from the learned Doctor in his views as well of chronology as of interpretation, it is still with great pleasure that we recommend this little volume to the public as one of the first contributions of the American press to this most interesting subject.

Writing of hieroglyphics, we are reminded of an interesting fact which has recently come to our knowledge. The author of "Boat Life" brought down the Nile two *papyri*, which all readers know are the ancient manuscripts of the Egyptians. One of these he left with Dr. Abbott in Cairo, and the other he brought to America. The former has been sent by Dr. Abbott to England, and we have seen a letter from Sir Gardner Wilkinson, stating that the British Museum has purchased it for fifty pounds—a very respectable price for a manuscript. The papyri in the New York Museum are regarded as the most valuable in the world, not excepting the celebrated collection at Berlin.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

IN the Senate, on Monday, January 4, a resolution was introduced by Senator Davis to define the President's authority, under the recent Act to promote the efficiency of the navy. Senator Fessenden gave notice of a French Spoliation Bill. Senator Benjamin moved that 20,000 copies of the Dred Scott judgment be printed for the use of the Senate. Senator Fitzpatrick moved for all the documents relating to the arrest of Walker. Senator Pugh introduced a bill for the admission of Kansas to the Union. The bill provides for the admission of Kansas into the Union under the Lecompton Constitution, with the same boundaries as were defined by the bill of the last Congress. It also requires that the seventh article of that Constitution, relative to Slavery, shall be submitted to the direct vote of the qualified electors on the 7th of April next, and that the returns of this election shall be made to the Governor of the Territory, instead of the President of the Convention; states that the election shall be conducted in obedience to the laws in force on the 7th of November last; also provides that the Constitution shall not be so construed as to limit or impair the right of the people to at any time call a Convention for the purpose of altering, amending, or abolishing their form of government, subject to the Constitution of the United States. Senator Brown began to speak on the Kansas question, but was interrupted by illness.——In the House Mr. Clingman, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, moved for the documents relating to Walker's arrest; and the resolution having been enlarged so as to include documents relating to Walker's operations prior to his last departure from the country was adopted, after a debate in which Messrs. Clingman, Ritchie, H. Marshall, Jones, Faulkner, Cochrane, Savage, and Kelsey took part. Various local matters were the subject of resolutions. Mr. Quitman asked but did not obtain leave to introduce a bill repealing certain sections of the Neutrality Laws. Mr. Cobb moved a resolution inquiring of the Committee on Territories whether the organic Act of Utah should not be repealed; adopted. A bill was introduced by Mr. Morrill and referred, after some debate, to the Judiciary Committee, to punish polygamy in the Territories.

On Tuesday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Seward moved a resolution that the petition of Maillard, who claims to have been wronged in Ireland, be transmitted to the Secretary of State. Senator Fessenden obtained a reference of his French Spoliation Bill to a select committee. Senator Gwin submitted a resolution directing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the expediency of accrediting a Minister to Japan.——In the House, which sat in Committee of the Whole on the Message, the various topics were proposed by Mr. G. Jones to be referred to the appropriate committees. Mr. Quitman moved, in amendment, that the reference to the Neutrality Laws be referred to a select committee; upon which debate ensued, in which Messrs. Quitman, Glancy Jones, Keitt, Stephens, Bocock, Clingman, Maynard, and Lovejoy took part.

On Wednesday, 6th, in the Senate, Senator Crittenden spoke in favor of his resolution for increasing the duty on imports. Senator Fitch moved, in amendment, to tax all bank-notes, so as to drive the small ones out of circulation. Both resolution and amendment were tabled. Senator Pugh presented a memorial from Ohio, praying for the establishment of a National Bank, with a thirty years' charter and $50,000,000 capital. Other local business was also transacted.——In the House, bills were reported by Glancy Jones, for the support of the Military Academy; and by Mr. Washburn, for the better protection of life on board steam vessels. Resolutions were reported by Mr. Clingman calling for documents relating to all differences and negotiations between the United States and Paraguay, New Granada and Brazil. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Message, and the debate on Walker's case was continued by Messrs. Sickels, Haskin, Stephens, Bliss, Bocock, and Gilmer.

On Thursday, 7th, Senator Seward presented to the Senate a petition from Canandaigua in favor of buying up the slaves of the South. Senator King moved for documents on emigration and its troubles; and Senator Foot for official correspondence on the affairs of China. A Message was likewise received from the President on the arrest of Walker, with accompanying documents. Senator Mason moved its reference to the Committee on Foreign Affairs; motion adopted. Debate ensued on the Message, in which Senators Davis, Mason, Crittenden, Brown, Houston, Seward, Pugh, Toombs, Doolittle, Mallory, Douglas, and Pearce took part. The Senate then adjourned to Monday.——In the House, the debate on the arrest of Walker was continued by Messrs. Thayer, Adrian, and Washburn. The House then adjourned to Monday.

THE ADMINISTRATION PRONOUNCE AGAINST WALKER.

General William Walker has published a long and touching letter to the President, praying for redress for the wrongs he has suffered, defending his whole course, and closing with the following:

"As long as there is a Central American exiled from his native land, and deprived of his property and civil rights for the services he rendered us, in evil as well as good report, so long shall our time and our energies be devoted to the work of their restoration. As long as the bones of our companions in arms, murdered under a barbarous decree of the Costa Rican Government, lie bleaching and unburied on the hill-sides of Nicaragua, so long shall our brains contrive and our hands labor for the justice which one day we will surely obtain."

The sentiment of the Administration on the subject was given in the President's Message sent to the Senate on Thursday. As to Commodore Paulding, the President says:

"In capturing General Walker and his command, after they had landed on the soil of Nicaragua, Commodore Paulding has, in my opinion, committed a great error. It is quite evident, however, from the communications herewith transmitted, that this was done from pure and patriotic motives, and in sincere conviction that he was promoting the interests and vidicating the honor of his country. In regard to Nicaragua, she has sustained no injustice by the act of Commodore Paulding. This has enured to her benefit, and relieved her from a dread invasion. She alone would have any right to complain of the violation of her territory, and it is quite certain that she will never exercise this right. It unquestionably does not belong to her invaders to complain in her name."

But of Walker's expedition he says: "It well deserves the severe punishment inflicted upon it by our laws. It violates the principles of Christianity, morality, and humanity, held sacred by all civilized nations, and by none more than by the people of the United States. Disguise it as we may, such a military expedition is an invitation to reckless and lawless men to enlist under the banner of any adventurer to rob, plunder, and murder the unoffending citizens of neighboring States who have never done them harm."

He concludes with the remark: "The truth is, that no Administration can successfully conduct the foreign affairs of the country, in Central America or any where else, if it is to be interfered with at every step by lawless military expeditions set on foot in the United States."

THE SENATE IN EXECUTIVE SESSION.

The Senate has confirmed the Sound Dues Treaty. The following officials have also been confirmed: Beverley L. Clarke, Minister to Guatemala; K. Isman, Consul to Vera Cruz; Thomas B. Stephenson, Judge of New Mexico; Theodore Sedgwick, United States District-Attorney at New York. It is stated that Mr. Pickens has been nominated Minister to Russia, and Belden, of Indiana, Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands.

THE NEWS FROM UTAH.

Late advices from Utah report the army well, but the cattle dying fast. It is said that the Mormons will resist to the last, and preparations are accordingly being made for a severe fight in the spring. Orders are issued and will be dispatched immediately for the First Cavalry and the Sixth Infantry, now in Kansas, and the Seventh Infantry, now in Texas, to hold themselves in readiness to march by the first of April to reinforce the army in Utah. The War Department has determined on sending immediately large reinforcements to the army now serving in Utah. This force will consist of four full regiments, which will be composed of both cavalry and infantry, with two light batteries of artillery. It is expected they will concentrate at Fort Leavenworth, and take up their line of march at an early day.

THE KANSAS IMBROGLIO.

No positive news of the result of the election of 4th has been received; but the latest telegrams from St. Louis assert that the election went off quietly, and that the Free-State men elected their ticket. Considerable excitement has been caused by the adhesion of Governor Wise, of Virginia, to the side of Senator Douglas. Some persons seem to think that Governor Denver will induce the Free-State party in Kansas to submit to the Lecompton Constitution.

MEETING OF STATE LEGISLATURES.

Several State Legislatures have met during the week—among others, those of New York, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Maine. In the Legislature of Maryland the members, by a vote of forty-three to twenty-seven, resolved not to receive the Governor's Message, which, as they had discovered, contained injurious reflections on the party to which they belong.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

Governor King refers at great length to the revulsion, and recommends a law obliging the Banks to hold one-fourth of their liabilities in specie. In reference to the canals, he announces a deficit of $2,500,000, to meet which there is only the loan of half a million not yet negotiated. He considers the Metropolitan Police Act a signal success, and recommends the Legislature to follow it up. After referring briefly to other local matters, he closes with a review of the Kansas question, and the Lemmon slave case.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF OHIO.

Governor S. P. Chase sent his annual Message to the Legislature of Ohio on the 4th instant. The document goes pretty extensively into the affairs of the State, and descants on the subject of the finances. It also refers to the relations existing between the General and State Governments; and after a long account of the recent collisions of State and Federal authorities growing out of arrests of fugitive slaves, it refers at length, and with extreme warmth, to the dispute now pending in reference to Kansas.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Governor Banks, of Massachusetts, delivered his first annual Message to the Legislature of Massachusetts on 7th. The funded debt of the Commonwealth is $1,314,000. Provision has been made for $1,098,000 of this debt, leaving a balance of $215,000 unprovided for. The current expenses of the last year amounted to $1,362,503, and the receipts of the State from all sources were $1,483,166, of which $735,041 were raised by a State tax. The receipts from ordinary resources this year are estimated at $702,000. Unless the ordinary expenses of the current year can be reduced below the standard of last year there will be a deficit of $659,803, to be paid by a State tax equal to that amount. The banking capital of the Commonwealth is $60,319,720. The number of banking institutions is 173. The aggregate circulation of bank-notes is $18,104,827, and the aggregate amount of specie is $3,611,097, which is equivalent to one dollar in specie for every five dollars in paper. The Governor recommends the suppression of bank-notes under five dollars, and after the lapse of three or five years a suppression of notes under ten dollars, and the substitution of gold and silver. In regard to the naturalization laws the Governor says: "There can be no object of higher importance than that of determining upon what conditions the right of suffrage shall be conferred, and what legislative safeguards are necessary to maintain the purity of elections, and to protect the rights of American citizens. I shall cheerfully concur with you in such measures as you may judge expedient for that purpose." In regard to Kansas, after a review of recent events in that Territory, he says: "Nothing but the direct intervention of federal influence can force through Congress the Lecompton Constitution; and if the Government, with the sanction of the people, can force upon Kansas a Constitution conceived in fraud and violence, it will be the weightiest blow ever given against free governments."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Message of the Governor of Pennsylvania, which was sent in on 6th, treats chiefly of the State's finances, banks, and the tariff. It represents that the finances of Pennsylvania have not presented so satisfactory an aspect for a long time. During the year every demand upon the treasury has been promptly paid from the revenue derived from the ordinary sources. For the fiscal year the receipts of the Treasury, including the balance on hand, have been $5,935,000; expenditures, $5,407,000. The interest on the funded debt will be promptly paid, and that due in February will also be paid out of the available means now in the Treasury. Within the last three years the public debt, without resorting to temporary loans, has been $1,816,000. In reference to the suspension of the banks, he states that the amount realized from the banks by the payment of one-fourth of one per centum on the capital stock has defrayed the expenses of the extra session, leaving a balance of $35,000. He suggests a reform in the system of banking and management, and recommends a modification of the tariff to a more liberal protection of manufacturing, especially iron interests.

PERSONAL.

Governor Powell was elected United States Senator from Kentucky on 5th inst. He received 80 votes, Garret Davis 54, and Mr. Thompson 1.

A Boston correspondent of *The Evening Post* says: "Yesterday I had the pleasure of learning from Senator Sumner's own lips that he has no intention of resigning his seat in the Senate. There is not a man in Massachusetts with heart and head enough to fill Mr. Sumner's place, who does not earnestly wish that he may retain it, though he should not speak another word in it. They would as soon level Bunker Hill because that is silent. His history talks.

A Mobile paper remarks: "John Van Buren made a thrilling speech at the great Democratic meeting at Tammany Hall on the 23d, in support of the President's position on the Kansas question. He was severe in his censure of the disorganizing course of Senator Douglas. It sounds strange to hear John Van Buren rebuking Stephen A. Douglas for faithlessness to the Democratic platform, and defending the rights of the South against him.

Daniel Hicks, a soldier in the Revolution, died at his residence near Boydton, in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, on the 12th ult., in the 99th year of his age.

A communication in the Richmond *Enquirer* gives some interesting particulars of the history of Dr. Turnipseed, the young American physician to whom the Emperor Alexander recently sent the cross of St. Anne. The writer says: "During his sojourn at Sebastopol he won the admiration and personal regards of General Count Osten Sacken, who was the defender of the city, and who has testified to his fine merits in a letter written to the Russian Government."

The Rev. Dr. Gannett (Unitarian), the Rev. A. A. Miner (Universalist), the Rev. George Richards (Orthodox), the Rev. J. C. Stockbridge (Baptist), the Rev. Dr. Vinton (Episcopalian), and the Rev. S. H. Winkley (Unitarian), who delivered each a lecture last winter at Pitts Street Chapel, Boston (of which the Rev. Mr. Winkley, referred to above, is minister), from the text "What shall I do to be saved?" are to repeat the lectures in February and March next.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says that Dr. Mackay was lately called upon by an inventor with the model of a life-boat, and offered a hundred dollars if he would write a song about it. The Doctor acknowledging the liberal tender, declining the job, the applicant added a fifty by way of a higher bid, and, finding this did not inspire the muse, asked the poet if he thought Longfellow would undertake the commission at that price?

A Washington letter gives this sketch of Mr. Bernhisel, the delegate in Congress from Utah Territory:

The delegate is one of the most quiet and pleasant gentlemen in the House. In deportment, tone, and voice, person and countenance, he bears a striking resemblance to Robert J. Walker. He is a native of Pennsylvania. He looked haggard and worn after his long journey over the plains, on his first arrival, but has since recruited. Although he has been in the House for six years, I recollect hearing him speak but once, and that was to protest against any discussion of the social and domestic institutions of Utah. His *forte* is taciturnity. In private conversation he is fluent and agreeable. He is an industrious man of business, and attends faithfully to the interests of his constituents. He is rather short of stature. His head is nearly bald, but iron-gray locks project diagonally from the skull near the ears, upward and forward.

Mayor Tiemann, of this city, received his friends on New-Year's Day. Some of the scenes were amusing. One visitor simply said, "Honesty is the best policy;" another, "Fellow-Democrat, I am glad to see you here, and I wish you a 'Happy New-Year;'" a third said, "I am happy, Mr. Mayor, to see you again surrounded by your friends;" a fourth hoped he "should never regret having given his vote for Daniel F. Tiemann," to which the Mayor replied he hoped not. Prominent among the visitors was Mr. Anthony Tiemann, the father of Daniel F. Tiemann. Father and son heartily congratulated each other. The venerable father then took his seat near where his son was standing, and his countenance beamed with joy and happiness, while the unceasing tide of well-wishers pressed on and passed away.

A correspondent of a Boston paper, writing from New York, says: "One of our clergymen in New York city is quite a sportsman. He keeps his horse and carriage—his town and city house—and also two or three sail boats, and one of the finest yachts in our waters; and in the season he may be found any day in his red baize shirt and sailor trim on board his craft, enjoying the sport like an old tar. The helm he always holds. Some time since he had an appointment to preach out of the city, and went on board his yacht and sailed on Saturday afternoon up to the appointed place, secured his craft, and left his hands on board, while, like Abraham at Moriah, he went "up to worship and return." He put up with a friend at night. Among the family was a little youngster of ten years; he had a keen eye to fun, and the third heaven to his imagination was the ownership of a yacht. He went up to his father and said, "Oh, father, *is* Rev. Mr. —— to preach for us to-morrow?" The reply was yes. "Oh, I am *so* glad," screamed out the juvenile sportsman. "And why are *you* so glad?" gravely asked the father. "Oh," said Jim, "I *do* want to hear a man preach once who owns and sails a yacht;" and no one heard Rev. Mr. —— with greater delight than "Jim."

Miss Maria Mitchell of Nantucket, who received a gold medal from the King of Denmark for her discovery of a new comet, is passing the winter at Paris.

We observe a notice going the "rounds" of the Press, that Charles Fenno Hoffman, the celebrated poet, who has for some time been an inmate of the Pennsylvania Hospital near our city, is lying dangerously ill. A Harrisburgh paper is requested to state, by Dr. Corwin, the efficient superintendent of the above-named Institution, that the report is without foundation. Mr. Hoffman, so far from being ill, is in the enjoyment of most excellent health, and hopes are entertained that at no very distant day, with the treatment now observed, the distinguished gentleman may be restored to that position in society of which he was an intellectual ornament.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REVULSION AND COMMERCIAL FRAUDS.

THE total amount of failures in England since the revulsion commenced is now said to amount to $250,000,000. The London *Times* makes the following severe remarks on the dishonesty which has been developed by the revulsion:

"The public are astounded at the commercial disclosures on every side. Even those most conversant for years past with all the great operations of business *had no idea of the degree of corruption that, at each turn, was defeating the efforts of the honest trader.* The question is, have they yet any adequate conception of the extent to which the system has been carried? Persons are disposed to comfort themselves by the conclusion that every case of delinquency appears in print and makes a great stir, while the multitude of ordinary transactions are carried on with regularity day after day, and excite no notice. There could not be a greater delusion. On all hands there is a combination *to palliate and hush up the practices that have been prevalent*, and no more difficult or dangerous duty could be undertaken than that of endeavoring to defeat it. There is abundant sympathy for the speculator, who has lived in good style for years, and whose position may at last be questioned; but none for the great mass of the people, who, in consequence of his operations, have been paying higher prices for all the necessaries of life;

none for those who have been tempted by high wages into overstocked branches of labor, and who are suddenly thrown into destitution; and none for society in general, which will suffer through many future years from a generation of young men brought up to the belief *that there is no such thing as honest trade, and that he is greatest who most excels in the adulteration of goods, the manufacture of accommodation bills, and the management of fraudulent suspensions.* In one case now pending at Glasgow, a house is shown to have had seventy-five real or fictitious correspondents, all insolvent like itself, upon whom it had drawn to the amount of £580,000, the whole finally centering in the Western Bank. Is this a solitary specimen? Are there not hundreds of analogous but more adroit cases that might be developed on every side—often, apparently, without much difficulty, if any judgment may be formed from the leading figures lately presented in some of the London balance sheets; and as soon as the present crisis is over, will not all these persons again go to work?"

FAILURE OF THE LATEST ATTEMPT TO LAUNCH THE "LEVIATHAN."

Great efforts have again been made to get the *Leviathan* into the river. More hydraulic presses were set to work, heavier chains were applied, but, as in the case of former efforts, the hydraulic presses burst, and the great chains, although having links of two and a quarter inches in thickness, snapped asunder as if they were so many packthreads. At high water there was nearly four feet water about the vessel's keel, but as that unfortunately happened at the dinner hour, the rams were all suddenly deserted, and the works were suspended until the great business of life had been satisfactorily disposed of by the workmen. For the labor employed on this monster £900 weekly has been paid for the last six weeks, exclusive of the cost of timber and iron. On the following day the launching experiments were resumed, but with only a small modicum of success. A slip was made of thirty-eight inches aft and sixteen inches forward. This, although not much, had the effect of placing the vessel straight in the ways. As in the case of former experiments, the works were interrupted by the bursting or breaking of machinery, a result which now appears to attend every attempt. It is now understood that farther attempts are to be postponed till the spring tides in January. The ship at high tide has six feet of water under her.

THE WEDDING OF THE PRINCESS ROYAL.

The marriage of the Princess Royal is to be celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 25th of January, and, in honor of the occasion, the Queen has commanded three performances to take place at Her Majesty's Theatre. They are to consist of a tragedy, a comedy, and an opera. A great many royal and distinguished personages are expected to arrive on a visit to her Majesty, in order to be present at the marriage. The King of the Belgians, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, and the Duke of Saxe Coburg, will be inmates of Buckingham Palace, and for other visitors of less exalted rank a suite of rooms has been engaged at Farrance's Hotel, in Belgravia, where they will be attended by the Queen's own servants, and have the use of her Majesty's carriages. One of the most important *fêtes* will be a grand court reception, for the purpose of a formal presentation of the *élite* of the *beau monde* to the Prince and Princess after their nuptials.

THE WEDDING PRESENTS.

The London *Court Journal* observes: "On the occasion of her Majesty's marriage the Queen presented to each of her bridesmaids a diamond and turquoise ornament, to be worn on the shoulder on the sleeve of the dress; and the ladies so distinguished always wear this badge whenever they attend at Court. We believe that some such distinction will be conferred on those who occupy a prominent position in the ceremonial of the nuptials of the Princess Royal. Fourteen beautiful bracelets of the same pattern, and with similar jewels, are being manufactured for the event, besides a number of brooches and pins. These latter contain, on a shield of blue enamel, the cipher of the Princess in diamonds, surmounted by the Prussian eagle, also in brilliants. The trousseau of the Princess herself approaches completion, and its magnificence will be in every respect worthy of the illustrious Princess."

ANOTHER PRINCESS TO BE MARRIED.

Rumors have been current for some time of a projected marriage between the hereditary Prince of the Netherlands, born on the 4th September, 1840, and the second daughter of the Queen of England. A letter from the Hague, of the 7th ultimo, in the Cologne *Gazette*, states that Lieutenant-General Van Omphal has left for London with a mission to officially demand the hand of the Princess Alice, who was born on the 25th April, 1843, for the Prince of Orange.

HOW SWINDLERS LIVE IN EUROPE.

Not many years since a certain gentleman became indebted to one of the Glasgow banks to the extent of several hundred thousand pounds. When he was hauled up it was found that he had "no assets," and the bank therefore "insured his life" to the extent of their debt, upon which they, of course, pay a very heavy annual tax. This gentleman called on the bank, some time after, and told one of the managers, "I am offered a lucrative situation in Sierra Leone, but, you know, if I go out there the policy will be vitiated. However, I must go, as I can not starve." What, then, was to be done? The same man is now comfortably living on the Continent on an annuity granted him by this bank, which annuity, added to the premium of insurance, forms a nice little item in the expenses of the establishment.

LORD PALMERSTON AND THE NEWSMAN.

A few days ago, as Lord Palmerston was walking home from "business," he encountered in Parliament Street a file of those brazen-faced and brazen-voiced hawkers of false news who infest the uttermost parts of the British metropolis at hush of eve. One of these public organs of misinformation happening to recognize the ruler of English destinies, shouted at the top of his voice (with a knowing wink to his comrades), "Himpawrt'nt Nooze! Capshur of Nena Sahib!" Startled at this shameless fiction, the noble Premier turned sharp round, and in language not sufficiently parliamentary to suit our columns, accosted the crier thus: "You —— lying scoundrel, why do you deceive the people in this way?" "'Xcuse me, my lord," replied the rival bottleholder, "I'm only follering my trade, as you, my lord, foller yers!" Whether Lord Palmerston made any rejoinder is not known.

A TERRIBLE ESCAPE.

The East Suffolk Railway Company are sinking a well for one of the gate-houses, and strenuous efforts are being made to get it completed as early as possible. A young man named Frederick Dale was lowered, in high spirits, singing "Fare-ye-well." On approaching the bottom he became unconscious. The men above, receiving no reply to repeated questions, became alarmed, and one of their number made an attempt to descend, but had not proceeded more than twenty feet when he was obliged to be drawn up again on account of the fetid vapor. Lighted candles were then sent down, but were extinguished before half-way down. A box of fire was next tried, but with the same result. Grappling irons were then procured, and an attempt was made to raise the poor fellow. The hooks caught the waistband of the trowsers, but not being of strong materials they gave way. Probably, however, the sudden jerk roused him from his stupor, as he laid hold of the rope and was raised thirty feet, when he let go and fell to the bottom. All supposed he must have been dashed to atoms, but providentially he was saved. The rope being again lowered, he fastened it round his body, and was brought to the surface more dead than alive. With the aid of restoratives he sufficiently recovered to be removed home, and is now doing well.

FRANCE.

INTERCESSION OF GEORGE SAND WITH THE EMPRESS.

It appears that Madame George Sand has addressed a letter, through one of the French imperial family, to the Empress Eugénie, describing in the most affecting terms the deplorable condition to which the suspension of the journal *La Presse* has reduced the families of the workmen to whom it gave employment. The letter gave a most touching description of the state of these unfortunate persons, in whose favor the Empress was asked to intercede. It does not appear to have succeeded. The offense of the *Presse* was most heinous; it presumed to talk about freedom of speech, liberty, and such other old world fancies, and will very likely be compelled to pay the penalty to the utmost.

GRISI TURNED MEDIUM.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe*, writing on the 24th ult., says: "Grisi has turned a new leaf in her libretto. She is announced as a 'medium' of no common performance; Hume (not the skeptic, but the charlatan) proclaiming her excellence in her new *rôle*."

EXTRAORDINARY MURDER TRIAL.

A trial for murder has taken place at Evreux, which is destined to take rank among the most celebrated of *causes célèbres*. A lady of noble family, handsome fortune, and hitherto unblemished character, inhabiting the ancestral mansion of her late husband, her two sons, and an old faithful servant, were accused of the willful murder of a neighbor who was at one time on intimate terms with the family, but whose acquaintance it was lately desired to drop. Madame de Jeufosse belonged to an old and much respected family of Vexin. She is now forty-nine years of age. Her two sons, Ernest and Albert de Jeufosse, are now respectively of the ages of twenty-five and twenty-two years. The daughter, Mademoiselle Blanche de Jeufosse, is in her nineteeth year. Since the death of her husband Madame de Jeufosse lived a very retired life, and devoted herself to the education of her children. At the time of the tragical event to be presently mentioned there was a governess in the house, named Mademoiselle Laurence Thouzery, a young lady about twenty years old. Crespel, the man servant (forty-three years old), was born at Jeufosse, and has passed all his life in the service of the family. The name of the individual whose violent death is the subject of the now pending inquiry was Emile Guillot, and this completes the *dramatis personæ*. M. Guillot belonged to a rich trandesman's family, of Gallion, a village not far from Jeufosse. His father was a Government contractor, and had left all his sons, of whom there are several, 25,000 francs a year apiece. M. Emile Guillot, who was thirty-two years of age, was married to a young wife, and had two children of tender years. He is described as having been a person of frank, pleasing manners.

THE CAUSE OF THE HOMICIDE.

Some two years since a more than ordinary intimacy sprung up between the Jeufosses and M. and Madame Guillot. This intimacy continued down to January in this year, when, for reasons which, as Madame de Jeufosse is alleged to have stated, concerned the honor of her family, she determined to break off the acquaintance. In fact, Guillot had paid improper addresses first to the governess and then to the daughter; had openly boasted of his success in both cases, and had ostentatiously forced himself into the premises after dark, as he said, to meet one or the other. He used to carry a horn to these nocturnal rendezvous, and blow it from time to time. Madame Jeufosse, feeling satisfied from what her daughter and the governess told her that they were disgusted with the fellow and that he was an impostor, broke off the acquaintance. Madame Guillot at once resigned herself to this rupture, but M. Guillot could not, or would not, bring himself to believe that it was serious and final. He thought Madame de Jeufosse had merely given way to a momentary caprice, and that there would be no difficulty in renewing the old friendship, which he appeared greatly to desire. He waylaid the family whenever they went out, and spoke to them gayly as if nothing had happened. Madame de Jeufosse was greatly annoyed at these attempts to make her revoke what, on her part, was a settled resolution. Many anecdotes of these forced interviews are current.

HOW THE MAN WAS SHOT.

The Chateau de Jeufosse is a building of the time of Louis XIV. At the back there is a lawn sloping to a garden, beyond which there is a park surrounded by a low wall. It is stated that M. Guillot had several times got over this wall at night in order to deposit in a certain hollow tree a letter for some inmate of the Chateau de Jeufosse. However this may be, it is certain that, on the 12th June last at about ten in the evening, he, accompanied by a servant named Gros, rode on horseback along a lane that bounded the park wall, and choosing a favorable spot, slipped off his horse upon the top of the wall, and jumped down into the park. Hardly had he done so, when the report of a gun was heard, and M. Guillot fell mortally wounded. He called out for help, to his servant Gros, but the latter, panic-stricken, ran as hard as he could to the chateau, where he knocked hard at the door, but could get nobody to answer. He then ran back to the spot where his master fell, and found him writhing in the dust in the agonies of death. M. Guillot charged him to carry his dying farewell to his wife and children, and to ask their pardon, and then breathed his last.

THE EVIDENCE AND VERDICT.

It was pretty well established on the trial that the fatal shot was deliberately fired by Crespel, the old servant, by the orders of Madame de Jeufosse and her two sons, and that it being known that M. Guillot had been in the habit of getting over the park wall, Crespel had been lying in wait for him with his gun for several nights successively. But on proof of the conduct of Guillot to the young ladies, and of his idle boasts about their sacrificing themselves to him, the jury acquitted all the prisoners, *but condemned Madame de Jeufosse to pay the costs.*

THE LITTLE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

The Paris correspondent of the *Herald* tells the following story: "I will mention a trifling incident which occurred yesterday opposite my window, and which created more enthusiasm than I had ever witnessed on any previous occasion toward the Imperial family. The little Prince Imperial was on his return from the Bois de Boulogne, escorted as usual by a body of smart Lancers whose fluttering pennons danced gayly in the breeze, when the carriage of the Empress met him just as his cortége was ascending the brow of the slope leading from the Avenue de l'Imperatrice to the Arch of Triumph. The Empress made a sign for the carriages to pull up, and immediately afterward the little Prince was conducted across the road to her Majesty. The Empress, taking him up in her arms and kissing him, held him out for the by-standers, who were now clustering in thousands round the carriages, to gaze at, and as the little fellow laughed, and crowed, and waved his tiny hand, you could see the tears of delight rolling over the rough cheeks of men and women while they poured out their heartfelt benedictions upon him. It was really a pretty sight, and one that placed power and people in a most pleasing point of view. The fair Eugénie seemed to unite all hearts by her gracious and winsome manner, and when the little fellow was again conveyed back to his nurse's arms, and kissed his little fingers in token of adieu to those that looked on him so kindly, many a sturdy Democrat in the moment ceased to think of the Imperial dictatorship which was over the boy's future inheritance, and to remember only that he was a child of France, and a bonny one to look at.

THE RIGHTS OF COUNSEL.

A duel has just taken place in Paris which has been the subject of much conversation, but fortunately it was not attended with any serious consequences. The parties were M. Gustave Chaix-d'Est-Ange, advocate, and the Marquis de P——. The origin of the affair was some remark made by the young barrister in pleading against M. de P——, who having been separated from his wife, claimed a right to pay a weekly visit to his children at the school where they were being educated. The learned gentleman, in endeavoring to reduce that right to a monthly visit, made some observations which led to an insulting letter from the Marquis. The council of the order of advocates did not wish to establish the precedent that its members should be personally responsible for any remarks they might make in their judicial capacity, but M. Chaix-d'Este-Ange, in spite of their opposition, met his adversary, who received a slight sword-wound in the arm, and the matter terminated.

A BLIND SCULPTOR

"There is now in Paris," says the *Courrier de Paris*, "a young sculptor, named Vidal, who, although deprived of sight, models animals with a skill and exactitude which is really wonderful. He has only to carefully touch the different parts of a dog, a horse, a sheep, or a bird, to be able to model them in all their forms and proportions, and his animals are full of life and movement. M. Vidal was at first, when his eyes were unharmed, a pupil of Barye, and evinced great talent for modeling animals, when by an unfortunate accident he lost his sight. Having no other resource than a trifling pension of 200 francs a year, allowed by the Hospital of the Blind, he applied himself to his old profession, and by degrees acquired the delicacy of touch which has enabled him to accomplish what is above stated."

A GIRL EXCHANGED FOR A DONKEY.

An elderly farmer, named Villy, of Frejus, appeared three days ago before the Tribunal of Correctional Police of Draguignan to complain of a female named Annette for having robbed him. The tale he told was rather curious. At the last fair at Frejus he made the acquaintance of a traveling dentist named Delacour, a Pole, and in the course of conversation told him that as he was alone in the world he should like to have a nice young woman to live with him, and he proposed to Delacour to purchase from him for 20 francs Annette, who had traveled with him. Annette, who was present, laughed at the proposition, but Delacour entertained it seriously, and said that as the law did not allow people to be sold, he could not take money for the young woman, but was willing to accept the man's donkey for her. Villy consented, and Delacour at his request drew up a certificate on stamped paper to the effect that "Annette had lived with him five years, and that he had always been satisfied with her." Villy then delivered up his donkey, and took the young woman home. Two days after, to his great vexation, he found that she had decamped, carrying off not only two new gowns, which he had bought for her, but a quantity of linen and his watch. The young woman, who has not yet been found, was condemned by default to four months' imprisonment.

RUSSIA.

THE EMANCIPATION SCHEME.

It appears certain that the Russian government has fixed in the following manner the mode in which the emancipation of the peasants is to be effected. It will take place, not all at once, but successively, at three periods. In the first, the relations between the peasants connected with the soil (*glebæ adscripti*) and the State will be fixed, that is to say, they will be admitted to possess a political existence, and their obligations to their lords will be rigorously traced out. In the second period, serfdom will be suppressed; and in the third, the payments in kind will be converted into a fixed rent, and the mode of redeeming such rent and the acquisition of free property of the peasants will be regulated.

THE EMPEROR AND THE PEASANT WOMAN.

The Emperor Alexander II., a letter from St. Petersburg states, has just been the hero of the following adventure: "At a short distance from Warsaw, between that city and Dublin, the carriage in which his Majesty was traveling broke down, and while waiting for it to be repaired, the Czar asked for shelter from the owner of a cottage near the road. The honors of the humble dwelling were done with most perfect ease by the mistress, who, although she considered that her visitors were nobles, little imagined that she had under her roof the Emperor and his aid-de-camp. The Polish woman spoke of the Czar with such praise that she was asked what she would do if the Prince, whom she appeared to like so well, was ever to visit her cottage? 'Well, then,' said the woman, 'I would take my little boy by the hand and show him to the Emperor, saying, Lord, King of Poland, look at this child; he is my only blessing, and I would give my life for him; but some night strangers will come, and seizing on the poor child, will carry him off to the chief town of the arrondissement, where they will crop off his hair like that of a dog, put a long coat on his back, and tell him he is enrolled in a regiment! Oh, my God! preserve me from such a misfortune! I should die of despair!' The poor woman at the bare idea of such an event hid her face in her hands and burst into tears. Nevertheless,' said the Czar, 'the country can not be without an army!' 'That is true,' replied the young mother, 'but if the soldiers remained in their own part of the country one might go and see them from time to time. But in the Russian army a soldier is sent no one knows where, and there is no chance of seeing one's child, or even of knowing if he be alive. We poor people have our feelings, and the proof is that, with us, the conscription is watered with floods of tears by wives and mothers.' At this moment the suite of the Czar arrived, and the poor woman soon found that she had been talking to the Emperor himself. His Majesty, on leaving, told her that he should not forget the welcome which she had given him; and some days after she received his portrait ornamented with brilliants, and suspended to a gold chain, with permission to wear it round her neck. The bearer of the present was charged at the same time to assure the poor woman of the kindness felt toward her by the Emperor, which is supposed to mean that she will not have her child taken from her."

PRUSSIA.

DAMAGES FOR HAVING THE SMALL-POX.

A curious lawsuit is going on just now in Berlin. A rich banker of that city, who is ill of the small-pox, has had two actions brought against him, one by his barber and the other by his upholsterer, who claim damages because he communicated the malady to them. They demanded compensation for the doctor's expenses and the time they have lost. According to the Prussian law the banker was bound to hang up outside his door a notice with the words, "There is a person here ill of the small-pox."

SPAIN.

BAPTISM OF THE BABY.

The *España* says: "During the ceremony his Royal Highness cried frequently; and his cries, which were loud, sounded most agreeably in the ears of all present, for they proved that he is a robust infant. After the baptism, the Royal child was conveyed by the King, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess de Montpensier, to the Queen, who had remained in her chamber. A little later, the Prince was made a Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, with all the ceremonies usual on such occasions. The King himself decorated him with the collar and other insignia; among the latter was a crucifix of oak, ornamented with brilliants, called the 'Cross of Victory,' famous for having figured in battles against the Moors, which was presented to the King by M. Mon and some other gentlemen as a deputation from Oviedo, in the Asturias, to which town it belonged."

ITALY.

GREAT EARTHQUAKE AT NAPLES.

A great earthquake took place in the Kingdom of Naples on 16th ult., and destroyed much life and property. A letter dated from the city of Naples describes some of the scenes: "On Wednesday night last, however, I was writing when the table began to shake violently, the lamp to rock, and the bells of the house to ring as if they had been pulled by a strong hand. The walls of my room, too, visibly waved backward and forward, and creaked as might a boat straining heavily at sea. There could be no doubt as to the cause of these awful phenomena, and I rushed out of my house. There had already been two shocks up to this time, then came a third so strong that I thought that the house would have fallen and buried me in its ruins. Some women were seated on the ground, and in nearly a fainting state leaning against the wall, to whose movements they yielded, rocking backward and forward as in a cradle. By this time people were escaping rapidly into the streets, and making inquiries as to each other's experience. Every one came to look at Vesuvius, but the mountain gave little comfort; it threw out but little fire, and seemed sulky and gloomy. It was not an agreeable prospect in view in returning to one's own house, so that I resolved to walk the streets, and the scene which presented itself will never be effaced from my memory. They were full of anxious, trembling persons, some half-dressed, some in their shirts, some wrapped up in sheets or blankets, and some in the gay dresses in which they had escaped from the drawing-room or the theatre. All the piazzas were full of carriages, which were occupied by families who had abandoned their houses. At every hundred steps fires were lighted, round which were bivouacked from fifty to one hundred persons of all ranks. The palace-yard, the Largo Castello, and other open places, were full of carriages, in which their inmates were reposing for the night. Hundreds of persons were couched on the steps of the churches, and later in the night the images of the Saints were carried in procession, while the people sang litanies." Full details of the mischief done have not yet been received.

ROBBERY IN THE PAPAL STATES.

A letter from Rome of the 5th ultimo says: "The brigands in the neighborhood of the Eternal City have just resumed their periodical practice of spoliating such incautious travelers as take more money with them than is necessary for their own wants or less than will suffice to pacify the *auri sacri fames* of highway assailants. On Monday evening at seven o'clock a vetturino carriage was plodding its weary way from Civita Vecchia toward Rome, and had reached a spot four miles on this side of Palo, when its farther progress was opposed by seven bandits armed with bludgeons, pistols, and daggers, who stopped the vehicle and proceeded to rifle the passengers, consisting of Doctor Conolley, Roman Catholic Bishop of Halifax, on his way to Rome to pay homage to the supreme head of the Church, Mr. Blake, and Mr. and Mrs. Harper. The Bishop was eased of one hundred and forty pounds sterling, besides his episcopal chain and cross, and the pastoral ring, a fine emerald, which he wore according to custom. Mr. Blake, feeling greatly averse to submitting to spoliation, in his turn manfully resisted the outlaws' invitation to stand and deliver, but he was finally overpowered by numbers, after being severely beaten and having had a pistol presented at his head, which fortunately missed fire. Mr. and Mrs. Harper were robbed of their watches, chains, and purses; and altogether the plunder realized by the marauders may be valued at about a thousand scudi, or over two hundred pounds sterling. At any rate, this inconvenience, which always threatens travelers to and from Civita Vecchia and Rome, will disappear so soon as the railway, which is promised for next July, is actually opened to the public."

TRANSYLVANIA.

AN EXECUTIONER FIGHTING FOR HIS PERQUISITES.

About six weeks or two months ago fourteen Wallachs were tried at Lugosch, on the Transylvanian frontier, for highway robbery, burglary, murder, etc. Seven were sentenced to death by the court-martial, and while the military judge was reading the sentence one of the condemned men was quietly taking the life of an insect which had fallen from his hair on to the sleeve of his dress. When led out to execution one of the seven men had a serious misunderstanding with the executioner, because that worthy was unwilling to allow him to deprive him of a part of his perquisites. According to the law of the land, all the articles of clothing which a man has on when he is hanged belong to the executioner; and, therefore, one of the men insisted on his boots being taken off and given to his wife. The executioner seriously objected to such an arrangement; but the man at last carried his point, and was then as much resigned to his fate as his companions.

INDIA.

LATEST NEWS FROM THE SEAT OF WAR.

The latest news from India is dated at Bombay on the 4th of December. The English garrison in Lucknow was relieved by the troops under command of Sir Colin Campbell on the 19th of November, and the sick and wounded and women and children sent in safety to Cawnpore. The British commander-in-chief reached the Alumbagh on the 12th of November, and engaged the Sepoy army next morning. The rebel forces fought with such energy and determination that the conflict, or series of fights, endured for six days, when the mutineers were routed, and General Havelock, with his command, saved. During these engagements Sir Colin Campbell was wounded slightly, and had four of his officers killed and forty others wounded. It was said that Sir Colin had twenty-two thousand men under his command, with which force he would march to the conquest of Oude. English reinforcements were pouring in daily. The Sepoys had been dispersed at Musserabad, Mehidpore, Malwa, and Rohilcund. Twenty-four members of the royal family of Delhi, with a powerful rebel chief, had been executed near Delhi. The Punjab was quiet, but there was a slight rising in the southern Muratta country. The rebellion, however, was regarded as ended.

EXECUTION OF A BANKER.

Byrapersaud, the great banker at Benares, with his Jemadar and eight Hurkaras, have been tried at Jaunpore, for carrying on treasonable correspondence with the insurgents in Oude, condemned, and hanged. It is said that he offered four lacs ($200,000) for his life.

COST OF FIDELITY.

A lady writes from the Punjab: "A few days ago a melancholy thing happened in our own household. A favorite and faithful servant poisoned himself to save our lives. I must tell you how it happened. We were sitting at whist about 10 P.M., when in rushed Kootadine with a face of horror I shall never forget. He was dreadfully excited. He said, 'Sahib, Sahib, you are in great danger! There is a plot to murder you this night, after you are asleep! The murderer will enter in by your bathing-room door, and will cut your throat with a carving-knife which he has for the purpose.' We, of course, made inquiry, and seized the accused party (a table servant), and had him put under a guard, where he remained all night. Poor Kootadine was crying bitterly the next morning, and, on asking him the reason, he said the Mussulman servants were bullying his life out about having saved the life of a Christian dog, or *soor* (pig), as they politely call us. Well, this went on all day. Nothing we could do to comfort the poor man was of any avail. He took a dose of arsenic, which killed him in two hours. Almost his last words were, 'Sahib, you are saved, but I must die for you.' And most assuredly he has done so, dear C——, for a better and more faithful creature did not exist. He had been with us for years, and had served us to the last. This man was the highest caste of Mussulman—a kind of priest—which makes it still more wonderful. I can not tell you how grieved I am for his loss. We shall never get his like again. The courage with which these people lay down their lives is more than I can understand."

VICTIMS OF SEPOY BRUTALITIES.

A writer in the London *Medical Times* says: "We have been assured by a medical friend that he has been consulted by a lady who has recently arrived at Bayswater, from India, whose nose has been cut off. Her child, three years old, has neither hands nor feet; they were all cut off by the mutineers. How the child survived is a mystery. The governess to this family escaped with the loss of her ears, which were cut off as an easy way of getting her ear-rings. Another friend is attending a lady whose nose has been slit open and her ears have been cut off. She has brought home to England three young children, all blind. Their eyes have all been gouged out by the Sepoys. We have heard from another source, quite beyond question (a lady, who speaks from personal knowledge), that there are several ladies now in Calcutta who have undergone such unspeakable degradation that they obstinately refuse to give their names. They prefer to be thought of by their relations in England as dead. There are also in Calcutta several young children whose names are quite unknown. One little creature says she is 'mamma's pet,' and that is all we are ever likely to know of her past history."

ANOTHER UNHAPPY LADY.

A Bristol (England) paper says: "We regret to state that a young lady, the daughter of a highly respected clergyman of this city, who married a gentleman connected with the Indian service about a year since, has just returned, not only widowed, but terribly mutilated. The Sepoys have cut her tongue out, and inflicted other injuries. The melancholy circumstance has created much sensation, for it has brought the horrors of the war before us in their reality, and not the least in the parish from whence the lady went forth, so short a time since, in the bloom of beauty, to the enjoyment, as it was believed, of a very happy lot in life."

MARKETS IN LARGE CITIES.

WE engrave on these pages a picture of the great Paris Market, *Les Halles Centrales*, which is one of the greatest architectural works of the present Empire. It suggests important reflections on the subject of markets generally.

We are told that when the good old Greek colonists, the filibusters of ancient time, landed on a strange shore to found a new "city," they invariably devoted their first leisure, and the best land they could find, to three public places—a temple to the gods, a market-place, and a gymnasium. When these were built or staked out, these old filibusters began to take thought for their private dwellings—but not before. To tell the truth, the market-place, as such, must necessarily have remained an ornamental establishment for some time, from the simple reason that the Greeks had nothing to sell, no one to buy, and no money to pay for purchases; but during the period which elapsed before the market-place became really a place of trade, it was used as a place of meeting for the citizens, and was the scene of their political strifes. Even after trade sprang up, and the *agora* was filled with hucksters, it continued to be the resort of political men, and those general assemblies of citizens, at which all political questions of moment were adjusted, were held there. A similar custom prevailed at Rome, and in the cities which were dependent on Roman dominion. The *fora* were market-places, where country people sold their produce: but on stated occasions the citizens met there to hear political orators; and whenever a revolution was effected, the impulse was given from a forum. Round the great forum at Rome ran rows of stores, low, one-story buildings, divided by pillars, without doors or windows; these were mostly occupied by money-changers, usurers, barbers, and the like. The real market-men sold their wares in the open square, from panniers on the backs of mules or asses. It does not appear that there were any stalls; almost each trade had its own market elsewhere, with ample conveniences.

It must be remembered, in defense of these ancients, that their ignorance was such that they despised trade. A Roman Senator who was found guilty of trading was degraded; and when the King of Persia heard of the market at Sparta, he declared that nothing need be feared from a people who met in a public place to cheat one another—though, for the matter of that, the Spartans had very little to boast of as commercial men.

Under the feudal tenure, the advantages of a stated market for the sale of agricultural produce soon became so obvious that the feudal lords usurped the right of licensing markets, and of selling licenses for the same. In England the right was assumed by the Crown; and towns became distinguished as market towns, and towns where there was no market. A variety of laws and ordinances were made in all European countries to secure the safety and validity of bargains made at markets; and a large revenue was collected by sovereigns and feudal lords from tolls on merchandise sent to or disposed of at markets.

Many markets, even in metropolitan cities, were established by wealthy lords, and remained in their family—the privilege to use them being conceded to the family by complaisant monarchs. Thus, Covent Garden Market, which is the great vegetable and flower market of the city of London, is the property of the Dukes of Bedford. The first great market building was erected at the cost of the house of Bedford, by Inigo Jones, during and after the Commonwealth. Within the past quarter of a century this edifice was torn down, and a new one constructed, with a Doric colonnade and granite columns; a fine structure to be sure, and handsome enough, when garnished within with the beautiful flowers and ruddy-cheeked flower-girls of England; but very far from what a market should be, both in size and in arrangement.

The best London market, so far as distribution and mechanical contrivance go, is Billingsgate, the great fish-market. Formerly this market was so disgracefully managed that its name became proverbial. Of late years, new and very excellent arrangements have been made, by which the health and morals of the fish-dealers and the comfort of purchasers are largely promoted. By an ingenious contrivance the air is constantly renewed. Fifty thousand cubic feet of foul air are pumped out every minute, and a corresponding quantity of fresh air is forced in. There, the supply of water is enormous, and well distributed. For the general purposes of cleanliness, two tuns of water are thrown, every minute, into a fountain standing in the centre of the market, and allowed to escape through channels conveniently placed for the dealers. Besides, a tun per minute of filtered water is forced into miniature gutters which pass through every stall, and in which fish are washed and cleaned. The refuse and offal are carried into the Thames. No effort seems to have been made to preserve them for fertilizing purposes. The net result of these arrangements is that Billingsgate is a healthy place, without the miasmatic tendencies which might have been expected. Excellent police regulations, *which are rigidly enforced*, still further improve this market. Fish which is in the least degree tainted is instantly seized, confiscated, and destroyed, and the vendor exposed to fine. This judicious regulation enables shrewd house-keepers to lay in a stock of fish at low rates. At a late hour in the afternoon, in summer especially, fishmongers will sell the balance of their stock at almost any price, for fear the strict and indefatigable inspectors should next morning pronounce it unfit for sale.

Another advantage which Billingsgate Market possesses over almost all other markets in the world is that it has a port of its own, at which fish is unladen and handed up to the stalls without passing through the city.

Very different are other two great London markets—Newgate and Smithfield. The former is the greatest mart in London for the sale of butchers' meat. It seems that in many instances the slaughter-houses are under the stalls. The butchers drive their sheep and cattle through the streets to their stalls; on arrival, a trap-door is opened; in some instances the animals are seduced to descend an inclined plane to the slaughter-house, but in others they are simply thrown down, and left to remain senseless, bleeding, and with broken limbs, till their turn comes to be killed. From these subterranean and ill-ventilated cellars a poisonous effluvia is exhaled; and altogether, according to the London writers, the market is a nuisance. So was Smithfield, which was long the great cattle market of the British metropolis. The sales of cattle and animal food generally amount to the large aggregate of $35,000,000 annually, which is distributed among some 160 salesmen. The most frightful scenes used to accompany the driving of cattle to this market; the reader of *Punch* is familiar with them. There are, moreover, adjacent to these markets, slaughter-houses which infect the neighborhood, and are made the subject of periodical remonstrances by the residents. No contrivance seems to have occurred to the civic authorities of London to abate the nuisance of driving cattle to these markets against their will. Oxen are to be seen every day coming in from the country in droves, the old plan of screwing the tail being still the favorite method of driving them in the desired direction. Since Smithfield market was shut up these remarks do not apply to it, but they are not far from the truth so far as concerns Whitechapel or Aldgate market.

A recent Special Report of the Medical Officer of Health to the Strand district, on slaughter-houses, describes a culminating abomination in the butchering of meat: "But confining myself strictly to a common-sense view of the subject, let me ask you for a moment if you consider it ordinarily *decent* that some of the meat which is sold in this district should, *with the consent of the local authority*, be permitted to be killed in an underground slaughtering-cellar, in which the water-closet used by the butcher's men is situate, and the meat hung up within two or three feet of such closet; or that sheep, previously to being killed, should be kept in the water-closet adjoining the slaughtering-cellar or kitchen, with their heads literally in the pan of the closet? Need I remind you that sheep are habitually kept in many of these underground slaughtering-places for at least twenty-four hours prior to being killed? This is no exaggerated picture; and the very facts described were witnessed by a gentleman who accompanied me in my inspections—a member of the board." Surely the meat which these men sell must be to other men poison.

A very different scene meets the eye when the channel is crossed, and the Paris markets fall under review. They do order these matters better in France.

It was Napoleon the First who said that the poor should have their Louvre. He said so *à propos* of the Marché St. Sulpice, which was built under his reign in the Quartier St. Germain, and which certainly, as compared with our markets, or many others on the Continent of Europe, would appear a very palace.

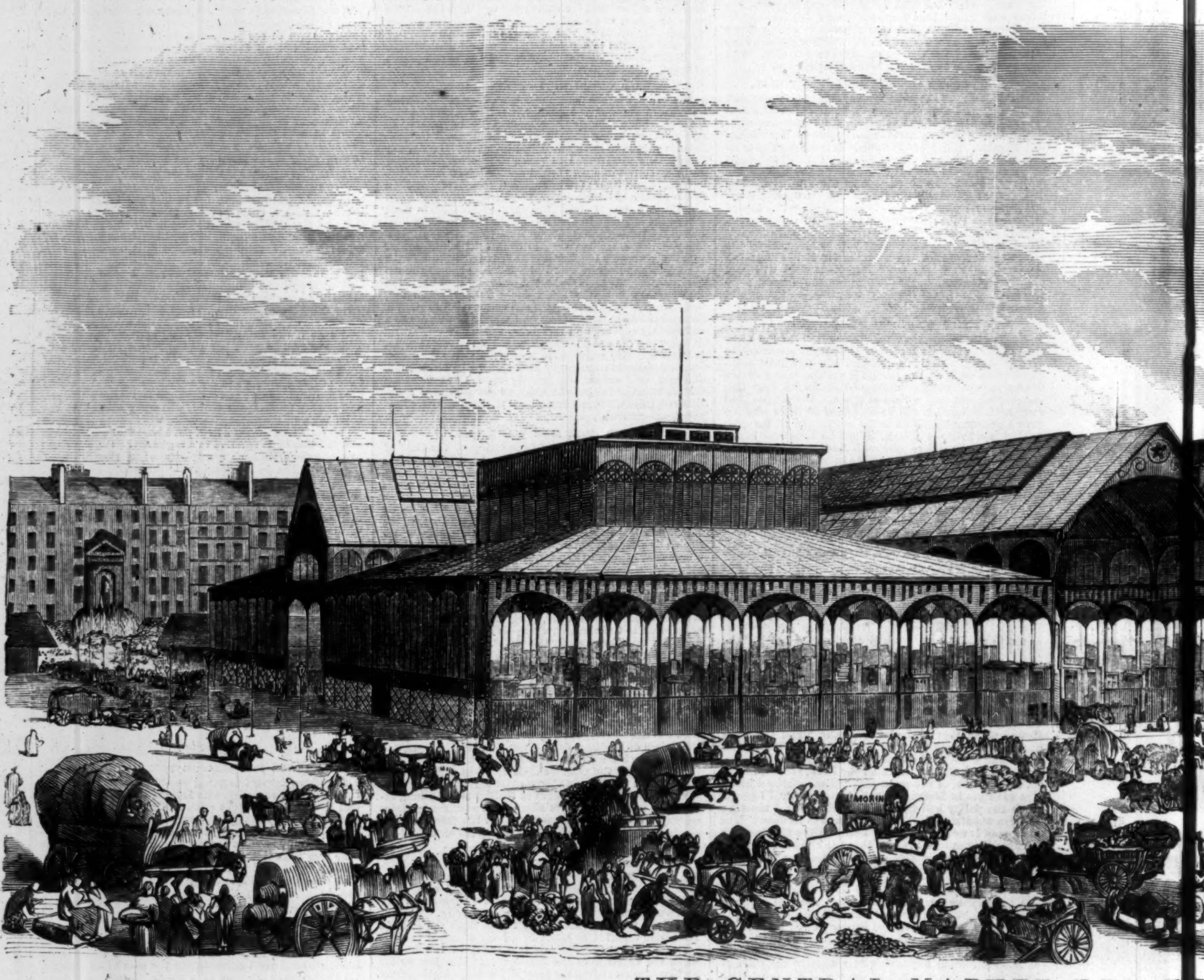
It was left for his nephew, the present Emperor, to realize the idea in connection with the great market of Paris—*Les Halles Centrales*. Those who have not visited Paris need to be told that the great market lies very nearly in the centre of the city, near the Seine, and close to the famous old Church of St. Eustache. It is a place of historical interest. Five centuries since the fate of the monarchy was discussed and decided at the Halles. During the long wars between the Kings of France and the Burgundian faction, and between France and England, the balance of power often rested with the Halles. Once the fishwomen of the Halles, backed, you may be sure, by a strong band of stout porters and market-men, waited on the King, and by so doing created so strong an impression in his favor, that a factious aristocracy abandoned the idea they had formed of dethroning him. Even the great King, Louis the Fourteenth, rejoiced at receiving a deputation from the women of the Halles, and condescended to kiss the fattest of the body. During the Revolution, the Central Market was one of the chief head-quarters of the revolutionists. Several clubs met in its immediate vicinity; and the women of the market and their male assistants—butchers, cooks, porters, etc.—formed a standing club, which sat permanently, and very frequently interfered with tangible effect in the concerns of the Government. Napoleon courted the people of the Halles; and fat Louis the Eighteenth was gracious to a deputation which they sent him, though he intimated to his Minister of Police that he would not like to receive another. His olfactory nerves were peculiarly sensitive. Louis Philippe was at one time very popular at the Halles; but the fishwomen being very Democratic at heart, when the King began to backslide they fell away from him, and even, according to report, were accessory to the attempt to murder him, which put an end to his solitary walks through the city. Under the Republic of 1848, the people of *Les Halles* rose at once to signal importance. Deputations of fishwomen were honorably received by Lamartine, and even by Cavaignac, and for some weeks the rabble which collected in the market assumed to direct the Government in matters of foreign as well as domestic policy. It need hardly be added that the ladies and gentlemen of the market have been relieved from political anxieties under the rule of the present Emperor. They are treated with uncommon civility so long as they confine their utterances to cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and their actions to the legitimate exercise of their calling: when they outstep these limits, the police have a few hints for their ear.

The space absorbed by the Central Market is about 20,000 square yards, including the cross streets. This space is occupied by ten buildings or market-houses, constructed of iron, glass, and wood. Each market-house rests on hollow iron pillars; the roof is perforated at regular intervals, and immense windows shed a flood of light on the space beneath. Round each house runs a brick wall, to divide it and its dealers from the other establishments. The rain-water which falls upon the roof passes through spouts and pipes in the hollow pillars into cisterns underground, from whence it is pumped up as occasion requires. Each market-house is appropriated—after the Eastern bazar fashion—to the sale of one particular article or commodity. There is a building for auction sales, another for butcher's meat, another for game, another for fresh fish, another for vegetables, another for cooked meats, another for butter, eggs, and cheese, another for poultry, another for salted provisions, another for flowers, and so on.

Each building is calculated to contain 280 stalls, of two square yards each. Each is separated from its neighbor by an iron grating, or a wooden partition. The furniture of each varies according to the articles to be sold there. In the fish department, each stall contains miniature ponds in which live fish can swim about and even get fattened for the table. In others again, rows of shelves and ingeniously contrived cupboards supersede the necessity of uncouth barrels and baskets. Each building—all being circular—is traversed by two highways which cross each other at the centre of the structure; a fountain stands exactly at the centre; but in order to prevent a useless waste of water, and also, lest the air of the place should be unduly moist, the fountain only flows when a spring is pressed; thus every one who desires water can obtain it in abundance, but when it is not required the fountain is quiescent. These admirable buildings are so contrived that the temperature within them is nearly ten degrees lower than that of the atmosphere outside during summer, and correspondingly higher during the winter; a boon of no slender value to the vendors of fresh animal food.

But the most curious part of the Central Market of Paris is the underground story. One story below ground there is another market as spacious as the ten above, in which a number of stalls are situate, and a vast amount of business is transacted. Air from above is obtained by ingenious machines for ventilation, and stupendous windows furnish an abundant supply of light. The market, however, is the least important part of the subterranean palace.

There is a railway terminus there, with trains incessantly arriving and departing, and a crowd of human beings and cattle constantly thronging round the passage to the regions above. All live and dead stock from the country destined for the Central Market must come by this railway. The line enters a tunnel near the outside *barrière* of the city, and burrows its way under streets and houses to the market. There it emerges from darkness, and the cars which have received their load of beef, mutton, game, poultry, oysters, fish, etc., from



THE CENTRAL MARKET (LES H

all parts of France, discharge them at the foot of the inclined plane which leads direct to the stalls. By this contrivance the streets of Paris are never blocked—as ours are only too frequently—by droves of cattle and flocks of sheep. No Parisian's nose is ever offended or his eyes shocked by the sight of a farmer's cart laden with fresh meat on his way to market.

Connected with the subterranean railway terminus is a sink, which receives from above all blood, offal, bones, and other waifs and estrays from the markets. Butchers, poulterers, and dealers in all kinds of produce, throw their waste into this sink, and see it instantaneously disappear from sight and from smell. It is not lost, however. Men are ready to shovel it into vans prepared for it; in which it travels every few hours to dépôts outside the *barrière*, where it is sold to farmers for manure. Since the science of agriculture has begun to be understood in Paris, the demand for this kind of manure has become enormous, and the offal which the butcher throws away in the morning is often fertilizing the earth before night. It is stated that were it twice as plentiful it could be readily sold at remunerative prices.

This Central Market, is, in fact, one of the most wonderful works of the French Empire. One only needs to read the above to feel satisfied that, for all practical purposes, it is as far superior to our markets as these latter are to the markets of some Far West village. It is, besides, one of the most elegant and beautiful architectural monuments of Paris.

num. Still it continued to be used as a market. In 1700, Mr. Valentine informs us that there were two flesh and one fish market in the city; but it was not till 1731 that every day in the week except Sunday was pronounced to be a market-day; at which time, it would appear from the Montgomerie grant, that there were five markets in the city—far more than would seem to have been required for a town such as New York was at that time.

Some of these markets seem to have been the private property of the citizens of the ward in which they stood, and subject solely to the control of these citizens. In 1735 the Common Council assumed charge of all the markets, abolished all fees, and leased the stalls to butchers. Strange to say, the influence of the shopkeepers was such that all huxters were excluded from the markets. The Corporation likewise undertook to keep the markets in repair. It would appear that corporations of that day were but little better than those of our own; after six years' trial of the administration of the market business, the Common Council agreed that some less burdensome method should be tried, and accordingly, in 1741, leases of each market for one year were sold at auction. The aggregate amount of the product of the leases averaged $500 per annum. Twenty-five years afterward the value of the property had quadrupled.

After the evacuation of the city by the British the markets were repaired by the Common Council; they needed it sadly, most of them having been very badly used by the troops, and having had no

et will doubtless be our improvement on them; still, when they are compared with the great markets of Paris and other foreign cities, they are as far in the distance as our municipal government is inferior to that of European capitals. They are neither built, nor ventilated, nor distributed, nor regulated in a manner worthy of New York, or calculated to serve the interests of trade, or to protect those of purchasers and the public.

It has been urged that our markets should be dissevered from municipal control, and left entirely to the management of private individuals; that the ground should be sold, with the buildings on it; and that the corporation should have no more to do with the sale of beef and country produce than with that of paper or flour. One strong argument in favor of this change is the superior success of the private over the public markets. Many butchers and hucksters have established private markets in various parts of the city, and have been able to pay heavier rents than the city receives from any of our public markets. Hence the inference that the failure of our public markets, as pecuniary enterprises, is due to the incapacity of a public body like the government to compete with private enterprise.

There can be no question but trade can be better carried on in a market where two hundred people assemble to sell the same articles, than in isolated shops scattered through the city. The private markets at present in existence obtain customers because they are nearer the residences of lazy housekeepers than the public markets; but their prices

[HA]LLES CENTRALES) AT PARIS.

Our illustration, which is vouched for as correct, will testify to this.

It is not gratifying to one's patriotism to turn from the description of the Central Market of Paris to the markets of New York. The contrast may, however, be useful: we are always on the mend.

Through the kindness of Mr. Valentine, Clerk of the Common Council, we are enabled to furnish a few historical memoranda of our city markets. The first market of which we have any record was established by a city ordinance bearing date just 202 years ago; the site was "on the beach opposite Hans Kiersted's house;" the market-day was Saturday. Thirty years afterward, under the English government, there were three market-days; the market was removed to "the vacant space before the Fort"—the present Bowling Green (?); and butchers were required to erect stalls at their own expense. A singularly-worded ordinance of 1691 acquaints us with the division of business, directing that "there be two markets for flesh kept—one in the Broadway, the other under the trees by the Slip. Fish shall be brought into the dock over against the City Hall, or the house that Long Mary formerly lived in." The spot indicated was near the head of Coenties Slip; but who was Long Mary, who is immortalized in this fishy connection?

It seems that the market "under the trees by the Slip" took away all the business from the old establishment in Broadway; for we find that the market-house in Broadway was rented in 1694 to Henry Crosby, butcher, for seven years, at £1 per an-

repairs for many years. After the Revolution the practice of letting the markets to individuals appears to have been abandoned; we find the Mayor, who was *ex officio* Clerk of the Markets, reporting that the market fees collected by him amounted to nearly £600, of which the Common Council allowed him to retain one-half.

A new plan was tried in 1796. Stalls in the old Fly Market, at the foot of Maiden Lane, were sold to butchers at prices ranging from £20 to £530. When the Fly Market was pulled down, in 1822, and the Fulton Market established, the butchers who had purchased stalls twenty-six years before sued the Corporation for damages, and—such is the luck of the city—actually obtained reimbursement of the total amounts they had paid.

For some time during the present century the choice stalls in the city markets were disposed of at a premium to butchers; and competition at one time ran so high that very choice stalls sold for $4000. This system was abandoned in 1835; since which time the stalls have been disposed of by lot.

There are at present in New York twelve markets, which altogether bring the city in debt many thousand dollars a year, the fees and rents of stands and cellars falling considerably short of the expenses of repairs, salaries, and gas. None of these markets, it may be safely said, is worthy of so great a city as this. Though Fulton and Washington Markets are vast improvements on the establishments which filled their place in the days of our ancestors; though the new Tompkins Mark-

are notoriously higher than are obtained at Fulton Market, and the choice of commodities is necessarily less. It is undeniable that the public interest would be better served by the erection of three or four model markets, with two hundred and fifty stands apiece, than by the establishment of a thousand private markets.

This, however, does not touch the question whether such public markets should be under the control of the corporation or the property of private individuals. According to the teaching of experience and analogy, it would appear that such markets, established under municipal authority, and subject to a certain specific municipal supervision, would be more successful, as commercial enterprises, if they were in the hands of private individuals, than if they remained in those of the corporation. But in either case, to insure success, and to make them worthy of general public support, they should be a great improvement on the markets now in existence, and some approach—at all events—to the model market which we engrave elsewhere.

After the new reservoir is built there will be no lack of water for market purposes, and fresh air can always be had with a proper system of ventilation. Sound regulations rigidly carried out are likewise within the scope of possibility, provided we elect good mayors. The subject is one of too much importance to the interests of producers and consumers, to the advance of trade, and to the public health, to be passed over lightly.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER VIII.

Corollaries from the problem suggested in Chapters VI. and VII.

BROAD daylight, nearly nine o'clock indeed, and Jasper Losely is walking back to his inn from the place at which he had dined the evening before. He has spent the night drinking, gambling, and though he looks heated, there is no sign of fatigue. Nature in wasting on this man many of her most glorious elements of happiness, had not forgotten a Herculean constitution—always restless and never tired, always drinking and never drunk. Certainly it is some consolation to delicate individuals, that it seldom happens that the sickly are very wicked. Criminals are generally athletic—constitution and conscience equally tough; large backs to their heads—strong suspensorial muscles—digestions that save them from the over-fine nerves of the virtuous. The native animal must be vigorous in the human being, when the moral safeguards are daringly overleaped. Jasper was not alone, but with an acquaintance he had made at the dinner, and whom he invited to his inn to breakfast; they were walking familiarly arm in arm. Very unlike the brilliant Losely—a young man under thirty, who seemed to have washed out all the colors of youth in dirty water. His eyes dull, their whites yellow; his complexion sodden. His form was thick-set and heavy; his features pug, with a cross of the bull-dog. In dress, a specimen of the flash style of sporting man, as exhibited on the turf, or more often, perhaps, in the Ring; Belcher neckcloth, with an immense pin representing a jockey at full gallop; cut away coat, corduroy breeches, and boots with tops of a chalky white. Yet, withal, not the air and walk of a genuine born and bred sporting man, even of the vulgar order. Something about him which reveals the pretender. A would-be hawk with a pigeon's liver—a would-be sportsman with a cockney's nurture.

Samuel Adolphus Poole is an orphan of respectable connections. His future expectations chiefly rest on an uncle from whom, as godfather, he takes the loathed name of Samuel. He prefers to sign himself Adolphus; he is popularly styled Dolly. For his present existence he relies ostensibly on his salary as an assistant in the house of a London tradesman in a fashionable way of business. Mr. Latham, his employer, has made a considerable fortune, less by his shop than by discounting the bills of his customers, or of other borrowers whom the loan draws into the net of the custom. Mr. Latham connives at the sporting tastes of Dolly Poole. Dolly has often thus been enabled to pick up useful pieces of information as to the names and repute of such denizens of the sporting world as might apply to Mr. Latham for temporary accommodation. Dolly Poole has many sporting friends; he has also many debts. He has been a dupe, he is now a rogue; but he wants decision of character to put into practice many valuable ideas that his experience of dupe and his development into rogue suggest to his ambition. Still, however, now and then, whenever a shabby trick can be safely done, he is what he calls "lucky." He has conceived a prodigious admiration for Jasper Losely, one cause for which will be explained in the dialogue about to be recorded; another cause for which is analogous to that loving submission with which some ill-conditioned brute acknowledges a master in the hand that has thrashed it. For at Losely's first appearance at the convivial meeting just concluded, being nettled at the imperious airs of superiority which that roysterer assumed, mistaking for effeminacy Jasper's elaborate dandyism, and not recognizing in the bravo's elegant proportions the tiger-like strength of which, in truth, that tiger-like suppleness should have warned him, Dolly Poole provoked a quarrel, and being himself a stout fellow, nor unaccustomed to athletic exercises, began to spar; the next moment he was at the other end of the room full sprawl on the floor; and, two minutes afterward, the quarrel made up by conciliating banqueters, with every bone in his skin seeming still to rattle, he was generously blubbering out that he never bore malice, and shaking hands with Jasper Losely as if he had found a benefactor. But now to the dialogue.

JASPER. "Yes, Poole, my hearty, as you say, that fellow trumping my best club lost me the last rubber. There's no certainty in whist, if one has a spoon for a partner."

POOLE. "No certainty in every rubber, but next to certainty in the long run, when a man plays as well as you do, Mr. Losely. Your winnings to-night must have been pretty large, though you had a bad partner almost every hand;—pretty large—eh?"

JASPER (carelessly). "Nothing to talk of—a few ponies!"

POOLE. "More than a few; I should know."

JASPER. "Why? You did not play after the first rubber."

POOLE. "No, when I saw your play on that first rubber, I cut out, and bet on you; and very grateful to you I am. Still you would win more with a partner who understood your game."

The shrewd Dolly paused a moment, and leaning significantly on Jasper's arm, added, in a half whisper, "I do; it is a French one."

Jasper did not change color, but a quick rise of the eyebrow, and a slight jerk of the neck, betrayed some little surprise or uneasiness; how-

ever, here joined without hesitation—"French, ay! In France there is more dash in playing out trumps than there is with English players."

"And with a player like you," said Poole, still in a half whisper, "more trumps to play out."

Jasper turned round sharp and short; the hard, cruel expression of his mouth, little seen of late, came back to it. Poole recoiled, and his bones began again to ache. "I did not mean to offend you, Mr. Losely, but to caution."

"Caution!"

"There were two knowing coves, who, if they had not been so drunk, would not have lost their money without a row, and they would have seen *how* they lost it; they are sharpers—you served them right—don't be angry with me. You want a partner—so do I; you play better than I do, but I play well; you shall have two-thirds of our winnings, and when you come to town I'll introduce you to a pleasant set of young fellows—green."

Jasper mused a moment. "You know a thing or two, I see, Master Poole, and we'll discuss the whole subject after breakfast. Arn't you hungry?—No!—I am! Hillo! who's that?"

His arm was seized by Mr. Rugge. "She's gone—fled!" gasped the manager, breathless. "Out of the lattice—fifteen feet high—not dashed to pieces—vanished!"

"Go on and order breakfast," said Losely to Mr. Poole, who was listening too inquisitively. He drew the manager away. "Can't you keep your tongue in your head before strangers? the girl is gone!"

"Out of the lattice, and fifteen feet high!"

"Any sheets left hanging out of the lattice?"

"Sheets! No."

"Then she did not go without help—somebody must have thrown up to her a rope-ladder—nothing so easy—done it myself scores of times for the descent of 'maids who love the moon,' Mr. Rugge. But at her age there is not a moon—at least there is not a man in the moon; one must dismiss, then, the idea of a rope-ladder—too precocious. But are you quite sure she is gone? not hiding in some cupboard? *Sacre!*—very odd. Have you seen Mrs. Crane about it?"

"Yes, just come from her; she thinks that villain Waife must have stolen her. But I want you, Sir, to come with me to a magistrate."

"Magistrate! I—why?—nonsense—set the police to work."

"Your deposition that she is your lawful child, lawfully made over to me, is necessary for the Inquisition—I mean Police."

"Hang it, what a bother! I hate magistrates, and all belonging to them. Well, I must breakfast; I'll see to it afterward. Oblige me by not calling Mr. Waife a villain—good old fellow in his way."

"Good! Powers above!"

"But if he took her off how did he get at her? It must have been preconcerted."

"Ha! true. But she has not been suffered to speak to a soul not in the company—Mrs. Crane excepted."

"Perhaps at the performance last night some signal was given?"

"But if Waife had been there I should have seen him; my troop would have known him; such a remarkable face—one eye, too."

"Well, well, do what you think best. I'll call on you after breakfast; let me go now. *Basta! basta!*"

Losely wrenched himself from the manager, and strode off to the inn; then, ere joining Poole, he sought Mrs. Crane.

"This going before a magistrate," said Losely, "to depose that I have made over my child to that blackguard showman—in this town, too—after such luck as I have had, and where bright prospects are opening on me, is most disagreeable. And supposing, when we have traced Sophy, she should be really with the old man—awkward! In short, my dear friend, my dear Bella" (Losely could be very coaxing when it was worth his while), "you just manage this for me. I have a fellow in the next room waiting to breakfast; as soon as breakfast is over I shall be off to the race-ground, and so shirk that ranting old bore; you'll call on him instead, and settle it somehow." He was out of the room before she could answer.

Mrs. Crane found it no easy matter to soothe the infuriate manager, when he heard Losely was gone to amuse himself at the race-course. Nor did she give herself much trouble to pacify Mr. Rugge's anger, or assist his investigations. Her interest in the whole affair seemed over. Left thus to his own devices, Rugge, however, began to institute a sharp, and what promised to be an effective investigation. He ascertained that the fugitive certainly had not left by the railway, or by any of the public conveyances; he sent scouts over all the neighborhood; he enlisted the sympathy of the police, who confidently assured him that they had 'a net-work over the three kingdoms;' no doubt they have, and we pay for it; but the meshes are so large that any thing less than a whale must be silly indeed if it consent to be caught. Rugge's suspicions were directed to Waife—he could collect, however, no evidence to confirm them. No person answering to Waife's description had been seen in the town. Once, indeed, Rugge was close on the right scent; for, insisting upon Waife's one eye and his possession of a white dog, he was told by several witnesses that a man blind of two eyes, and led by a black dog, had been close before the stage, just previous to the performance. But then the clown had spoken to that very man; all the Thespian company had observed him; all of them had known Waife familiarly for years; and all deposed that any creature more unlike to Waife than the blind man could not be turned out of Nature's workshop. But where was that blind man? They found out the wayside inn in which he had taken a lodging for the night; and there it was ascertained that he had paid for his room beforehand, stating that he should start for the race-course early in the morning. Rugge himself set out to the race-course to kill two birds with one stone—catch Mr. Losely—examine the blind man himself.

He did catch Mr. Losely, and very nearly caught something else—for that gentleman was in a ring of noisy horsemen, mounted on a hired hack, and loud as the noisiest. When Rugge came up to his stirrup, and began his harangue, Losely turned his hack round with so sudden an appliance of bit and spur that the animal lash'd out, and its heel went within an inch of the manager's cheek-bone. Before Rugge could recover Losely was in a hand gallop. But the blind man! Of course Rugge did not find him? You are mistaken; he did. The blind man was there, dog and all. The manager spoke to him, and did not know him from Adam.

Nor have you or I, my venerated readers, any right whatsoever to doubt whether Mr. Rugge could be so stolidly obtuse. Granting that blind sailor to be the veritable William Waife—William Waife was a man of genius, taking pains to appear an ordinary mortal. And the anecdotes of Munden, or of Bamfylde Moore Carew, suffice to tell us how Protean is the power of transformation in a man whose genius is mimetic. But how often does it happen to us, venerated readers, not to recognize a man of genius, even when he takes no particular pains to escape detection! A man of genius may be for ten years our next-door neighbor—he may dine in company with us twice a week—his face may be as familiar to our eyes as our arm-chair—his voice to our ears as the click of our parlor-clock—yet we are never more astonished than when all of a sudden, some bright day, it is discovered that our next-door neighbor is—a man of genius. Did you ever hear tell of the life of a man of genius, but what there were numerous witnesses who deposed to the fact, that until, perfidious dissembler, he flared up and set the Thames on fire, they had never seen any thing in him—an odd creature, perhaps a good creature—probably a poor creature—But a MAN OF GENIUS! They would as soon have suspected him of being the Cham of Tartary! Nay, candid readers, are there not some of you who refuse to the last to recognize the man of genius, till he has paid his penny to Charon, and his passport to immortality has been duly examined by the custom-house officers of Styx! When one half the world drag forth that same next-door neighbor, place him on a pedestal, and have him cried, "O yez! O yez! Found a man of genius! Public property—open to inspection!" does not the other half the world put on its spectacles, turn up its nose, and cry, "*That* a man of genius, indeed! Pelt him!—pelt him!" Then of course there is a clatter, what the vulgar call "a shindy," round the pedestal. Squeezed by his believers, shied at by his scoffers, the poor man gets horribly mauled about, and drops from the perch in the midst of the row. Then they shovel him over, clap a great stone on his relics, wipe their foreheads, shake hands, compromise the dispute, the one half the world admitting that though he was a genius, he was still an ordinary man; the other half allowing that though he was an ordinary man, he was still a genius. And so on to the next pedestal with its "Hic stet," and the next great stone with its "Hic jacet."

The manager of the Grand Theatrical Exhibition gazed on the blind sailor, and did not know him from Adam!

CHAPTER IX.

The aboriginal Man-eater, or Pocket-Cannibal, is susceptible of the refining influences of Civilization. He decorates his lair with the skins of his victims; he adorns his person with the spoils of those whom he devours. Mr. Losely introduced to Mr. Poole's friends—dresses for dinner;—and, combining elegance with appetite, eats them up.

ELATED with the success which had rewarded his talents for pecuniary speculation, and dismissing from his mind all thoughts of the fugitive Sophy and the spoliated Rugge, Jasper Losely returned to London in company with his new friend, Mr. Poole. He left Arabella Crane to perform the same journey, unattended; but that grim lady, carefully concealing any resentment at such want of gallantry, felt assured that she should not be long in London without being honored by his visits.

In renewing their old acquaintance, Mrs. Crane had contrived to establish over Jasper that kind of influence which a vain man, full of schemes that are not to be told to all the world, but which it is convenient to discuss with some confidential friend who admires himself too highly not to respect his secrets, mechanically yields to a woman whose wits are superior to his own.

It is true that Jasper, on his return to the metropolis, was not magnetically attracted toward Podden Place; nay, days and even weeks elapsed, and Mrs. Crane was not gladdened by his presence. But she knew that her influence was only suspended—not extinct. The body attracted was for the moment kept from the body attracting by the abnormal weights that had dropped into its pockets. Restore the body thus temporarily counterpoised to its former lightness, and it would turn to Podden Place as the needle to the Pole. Meanwhile, oblivious of all such natural laws, the disloyal Jasper had fixed himself as far from the reach of the magnet as from Bloomsbury's remotest verge is St. James's animated centre. The apartment he engaged was showy and commodious. He added largely to his wardrobe—his dressing-case—his trinket-box. Nor, be it here observed, was Mr. Losely one of those beauish brigands who wear tawdry scarfs over soiled linen, and paste rings upon unwashed digitals. To do him justice, the man, so stony-hearted to others, loved and cherished his own person with exquisite tenderness, lavished upon it delicate attentions, and gave to it the very best he could afford. He was no coarse debauchee, smelling of bad cigars and ardent spirits. Cigars, indeed, were not among his vices (at worst the rare peccadillo of a *cigarette*)—spirit-drinking was; but the monster's digestion was still so strong, that he could have drunk out a gin palace, and you would only have sniffed the jasmin or heliotrope on the dainty cambric that wiped the last drop from his lips. Had his soul been a tenth part as clean as the form that belied it, Jasper Losely had been a saint! His apartments secured, his appearance thus revised and embellished, Jasper's next care was an equipage in keeping; he hired a smart cabriolet with a high-stepping horse, and, to go behind it, a groom whose size had been stunted in infancy by provident parents designing him to earn his bread in the stables as a light-weight, and therefore mingling his mother's milk with heavy liquors. In short, Jasper Losely set up to be a buck about town; in that capacity Dolly Poole introduced him to several young gentlemen who combined commercial vocations with sporting tastes; they could not but participate in Poole's admiring and somewhat envious respect for Jasper Losely. There was indeed about the vigorous miscreant a great deal of false brilliancy. Deteriorated from earlier youth though the beauty of his countenance might be, it was still undeniably handsome; and as force of muscle is beauty in itself in the eyes of young sporting men, so Jasper dazzled many a *gracilis puer*, who had the ambition to become an athlete, with the rare personal strength which, as if in the exuberance of animal spirits, he would sometimes condescend to display, by feats that astonished the curious and frightened the timid—such as bending a poker or horse-shoe, between hands elegantly white nor unadorned with rings—or lifting the weight of Samuel Dolly by the waistband, and holding him at arm's-length, with a playful bet of ten to one that he could stand by the fire-place and pitch the said Samuel Dolly out of the open window. To know so strong a man, so fine an animal, was something to boast of! Then, too, if Jasper had a false brilliancy, he had also a false *bonhommie*; it was true that he was somewhat imperious, swaggering, bullying—but he was also off-hand and jocund; and as you knew him, that sidelong look, that defying gait (look and gait of the man whom the world cuts), wore away. In fact, he had got into a world which did not cut him, and his exterior was improved by the atmosphere.

Mr. Losely professed to dislike general society. Drawing-rooms were insipid; clubs full of old fogies. "I am for life, my boys," said Mr. Losely:

"'Can sorrow from the goblet flow,
Or pain from Beauty's eye?'"

Mr. Losely, therefore, his hat on one side, lounged into the saloons of theatres, accompanied by a cohort of juvenile admirers, their hats on one side also, and returned to the pleasantest little suppers in his own apartment. There "the goblet" flowed—and after the goblet, cigars for some, and a rubber for all.

So puissant Losely's vitality, and so blessed by the stars his luck, that his form seemed to wax stronger and his purse fuller by this "life." No wonder he was all for a life of that kind; but the slight beings who tried to keep up with him grew thinner and thinner, and poorer and poorer; a few weeks made their cheeks spectral and their pockets a dismal void. Then as some dropped off from sheer inanition, others whom they had decoyed by their praises of "Life" and its hero, came into the magic circle to fade and vanish in their turn.

In a space of time incredibly brief not a whist-player was left upon the field; the victorious Losely had trumped out the last! Some few, whom Nature had endowed more liberally than Fortune, still retained strength enough to sup—if asked;

"But none who came to sup remained to play."

"Plague on it," said Losely to Poole, as one afternoon they were dividing the final spoils. "Your friends are mightily soon cleaned out; could not even get up double dummy, last night; and we must hit on some new plan for replenishing the coffers! You have rich relations; can't I help you to make them more useful?"

Said Dolly Poole, who was looking exceedingly bilious, and had become a martyr to chronic headache, "My relations are prigs! Some of them give me the cold shoulder, others—a great deal of jaw. But as for tin, I might as well scrape a flint for it. My uncle Sam is more anxious about my sins than the other codgers, because he is my godfather, and responsible for my sins, I suppose; and he says he will put me in the way of being respectable. My head's splitting—"

"Wood does split till it is seasoned," answered Losely. "Good fellow, uncle Sam! He'll put you in the way of tin; nothing else makes a man respectable."

"Yes—so he says; a girl with money—"

"A wife—tin canister! Introduce me to her, and she shall be tied to you."

Samuel Dolly did not appear to relish the idea of such an introduction. "I have not been introduced to her myself," said he. "But if you advise me to be spliced, why don't you get spliced yourself? a handsome fellow like you can be at no loss for an heiress."

"Heiresses are the most horrid cheats in the world," said Losely: "there is always some father, or uncle, or fusty Lord Chancellor whose consent is essential, and not to be had. Heiresses in scores have been over head and ears in love with me. Before I left Paris, I sold their locks of hair to a wig-maker—three great trunksful. Honor bright. But there were only two whom I could have safely allowed to run away with me; and they were so closely watched, poor things, that I was forced to leave them to their fate—early graves! Don't talk to me of heiresses, Dolly, I have been the victim of heiresses. But a rich widow is an estimable creature. Against widows, if rich, I have not a word to say; and to tell you the truth, there is a widow whom I suspect I have fascinated, and whose connection I have a particular private reason for deeming desirable! She has a whelp of a son, who is a spoke in my wheel—were I his father-in-law, would not I be a spoke in his? I'd teach the boy '*life*,' Dolly." Here all trace of beauty vanished from Jasper's face, and Poole, staring at him, pushed away his chair. "But"—continued Losely, regaining his more usual expression of levity and boldness—"But I am not yet quite sure what the widow has, besides her son, in her own possession; we shall see. Meanwhile, is there—*no* chance of a rubber to-night?"

"None; unless you will let Brown and Smith play upon tick."

"Pooh! but there's Robinson, he has an aunt he can borrow from?"

"Robinson! spitting blood, with an attack of *delirium tremens!*—you have done for him."

"Can sorrow from the goblet flow?" said Losely. "Well, I suppose it can—when a man has no coats to his stomach; but you and I, Dolly Poole, have stomachs thick as pea-jackets, and proof as gutta percha."

Poole forced a ghastly smile, while Losely, gayly springing up, swept his share of booty into his pockets, slapped his comrade on the back, and said—"Then, if the mountain will not come to Mohammed, Mohammed must go to the mountain! Hang whist, and up with *rouge-et-noir!* I have an infallible method of winning—only, it requires capital. You will club your cash with mine, and I'll play for both. Sup here to-night, and we'll go to the —— hell afterward."

Samuel Dolly had the most perfect confidence in his friend's science in the art of gambling, and he did not, therefore, dissent from the proposal made. Jasper gave a fresh touch to his toilet, and stepped into his cabriolet. Poole cast on him a look of envy, and crawled to his lodging—too ill for his desk, and with a strong desire to take to his bed.

THE EBONY BOX.

EARLY in June, in the spring of 1855, it chanced that while enjoying my customary ride along the eastern shore of Manhattan, in the vicinity of the ferry of Astoria, I turned off through a narrow lane to the left, and came near to a cottage-house, standing midway in front of a well-cultivated garden. There were indications of wealth, or at least of competency, about the place, and an air of neatness and elegance which pleased my fancy, prone as it is to look always at the prosperous, the happy, and the fair. My horse, a livery saddle-hack, was struck with equal admiration at the greenness of the grass and herbage within the inclosure, and insisted upon looking at it over the paling. The house, of wood, painted of a delicate cream-color, with white cornices and window-frames, was nearly covered in some parts with sweetbrier, and the white climbing-rose of our grand-parents, now so rarely seen.

The green blinds of the windows were open on the eastern side, and at one of these two heads of flaxen-haired children, with pippin cheeks and roguish eyes, attracted me. They leaned too far out of the window, and the mother had just caught each rather roughly behind; as she drew them back, our eyes met, and I recognized the beautiful face of my friend Alice Liston, of former years. The recognition was mutual. I heard a little scream of surprise. Alice disappeared from the window, and reappeared at the front door. I was not loth to accept the cordial invitation which she gave me to come in.

"How did you get into this pretty house? where have you been these five years? how came little Dick and Alice by those round, red cheeks? and, finally, where, in the name of patience, is that husband of yours?"

"He is within: not a word more till you see him," she said, blushing with delight, and pressing both my hands with genuine and cordial friendliness.

I followed her through the house and into the garden, where, under a grape-arbor which he was pruning and training on the lattice, I found my old friend Liston, the wheel-wright, two inches taller than I knew him, and shining all over with the hues of health and prosperity. To find the pale and stooping workman of former days transformed to such a shape, gave me a shock of pleasurable surprise. He was no less gratified than I at the chance that brought us again together, and the afternoon slipped away pleasantly enough in bringing old times to memory.

Alice, assisted by a rosy Swiss serving-maid, set tea for us on the porch, where we could see the sunset. The air was warm, the sky clear, and the stars came out, as we chatted pleasantly, brightening with new sympathy the somewhat faded pictures of former days. At nine, Alice carried off the children to bed, after a sharp struggle with little Dick, and a shower of tears from his sister; Liston, meanwhile, puffing nervously at his cigar.

As soon as they were out of ear-shot, "Alice," said he, "is spoiling both of them, but I can't find the heart to check her in any thing. She has suffered so many privations it would be cruel to deny her the luxury of spoiling the children. Joking apart, however, she is a good mother; and prosperity has brought out graces and qualities in her that did not appear when we were poor."

"Well, Liston, all this is new and delightful. But, to say the truth, I am positively unhappy till I hear by what chance it happened."

"By no effort of mine; it came to us when we least hoped for it. Five years ago, when you went to Europe, I was earning some fifteen dollars a

week at my trade, losing a third of my time, too, with illness and bad luck."

"Yes, I remember that. Little Alice was only two weeks old, and the mother quite feeble."

"We were living, you may remember, in D—— Street, in a cheap neighborhood. Our rooms were on the third floor."

"It was there I paid you my last visit."

"You left me at ten in the evening. I had a bed for myself in the front room, just opposite the door. There was a square table, or light-stand, by the side of the bed."

"Yes."

"As soon as you left me I lay down to read, placing the candle on the table."

"An old habit of yours."

"I have read through many hundred volumes in that way. That night, about twelve, I fell asleep, and the first thing that met my eyes in the morning was a square box, resting on the table. It was of ebony, bound with brass. On the end of the box toward myself were three brass letters, S. P. L., the initials of my name. The box had no lock nor hinges. I saw that to open it the brass hoops must be cut with a file and removed. It was in size about equal to a small writing-desk, such as ladies use for their gilt-edge correspondence. At each end was a strong handle, evidently for the convenience of lifting and carrying. I observed that the table had been moved about three feet from the bed. The candle, which was half-burned when I fell asleep, was inverted in the socket. It was six in the morning when I waked. On rising and making a general reconnoissance, I found the door of my room leading into the entry standing ajar; the key was on the inside. I remembered locking it on the inside just after your departure."

"And what was in this box?"

"All in good time. I passed into the bedroom and found Alice, and the baby, and little Dick, asleep. Both the windows of my room were open, as I had left them, for the night was warm."

"Well, the box—"

"After a careful survey I concluded that some person must have come in by the front window, as there was no other ingress; the door of the back room being also secured, and the key in the lock, as usual.

"I grasped the handles, and found the box heavy, weighing not less than fifty pounds. Thinking, from the weight, that it might contain specie, I quickly closed and locked the door of my room, and made a careful examination of the exterior of the casket.

"The initials, S. P. L., puzzled me. They were of an odd, barbarous shape, and could not have been cut by any European or American artisan. These letters seemed to authorize and invite an examination of the contents. With a file I began cutting the brass straps, and soon removed them. Under these were large screws, which turned easily. It was now only necessary to lift the cover, when the idea offered itself that this might be a torpedo, or infernal machine, placed there with a design upon my life. Not to be outwitted by such a devilish engine, I set the casket upon end, and gradually sawed away the wood, in pieces about an inch square. Within, I found a lining of oakum, saturated with tar, which enveloped a second smaller box, of a wood resembling cedar. I cautiously drew this out, and proceeded to saw it, as I had the other. In this second casket I found four bars of gold, weighing each some twelve or fourteen pounds, and, in a small leather bag, stuffed into a corner, twenty large diamonds, each of which could not be worth less than five hundred dollars, and two of them three times that sum.

"I searched carefully for some interior marks of ownership. There were none.

"I am by nature, as you know, cautious, slow, and unexcitable, but the handling of ingots and diamonds roused a fever of cupidity in my blood, and, for the time, I grasped them as if they were my own. Conscience did not awaken. I made a fire upon the hearth and burned every fragment of the casket. The handles and brass hoops were not so easily disposed of. After some reflection, I went up to the scuttle, and getting down upon the roof, threw the pieces of brass, one by one, into an open lot behind the house—among bricks and rubbish.

"The next step was to discover a secure hiding-place for the treasure. Trunks, closets, the ceiling, the spaces under the floor, and a multitude of ordinary places of concealment, successively occurred to my thoughts, and were rejected.

"At length, after an hour of painful and agitating reflection, I asked myself the question, whether, if the real owner of this treasure were to present himself, and make good his claim, or whether, if I had reason to believe that, by dint of advertising and inquiry, he could be discovered, I would confess to its possession?

"The question, literally translated into the vernacular, was, indeed, 'Liston, are you a thief?'

"I was indignant, and felt insulted by the suggestion.

"'In that case,' continued Conscience, 'will you be good enough, Mr. Liston, to give your reasons for burning and otherwise hiding and destroying the pieces of the casket? Nay, more. What pretext had you for opening the box at all?'

"I answered, briskly, 'that my initials on the box, and the fact of its being left in my chamber, were a sufficient authorization. That, in fact, I had no intention of appropriating the treasure, and should, that very morning, make a special deposit of the whole in bank, reserving only enough to pay the expenses of advertising.'

"Conscience appeared to be well satisfied with my answers; and not to break promise with one so exacting and inflexible, I took one of the smallest diamonds to a jeweler, sold it for three hundred dollars, made a deposit of my treasure and the money, and inserted a standing advertisement in three daily newspapers, as follows:

FOUND, IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF D—— Street, corner of Avenue —, early on the morning of the 10th of June, a box containing several thousand dollars in gold, and other valuables. The treasure is in the keeping of a bank, and will be restored to the owner, or agent, after satisfactory identification and charges paid.—Address Z. Y., Post-office.

"Within a week after the publication of the notice I had received three hundred and thirty letters, each giving a different description of some imaginary box or casket. It was, of course, my duty to read each one of these letters. Some of them were written in cramped, illegible hands; others in the bold, practiced style of clerks' writing.

"I soon became weary and disgusted with the perpetual reading of fraudulent epistles; and to rid myself of as many as possible, added a few lines to the advertisement, as follows:

"'N.B.—The advertiser will pay no attention to communications which fail of a full and accurate identification of the box and its contents.'

"Five months and seven days after the publication of this second notice, on returning from my shop, I found a well-dressed, rather handsome young man, with shining black hair, and mutton-chop whiskers of the same hue, waiting for me at my rooms. He was engaged in lively conversation with Alice, to whom (if you choose to believe it) I had not communicated the story of the box. Alice, you know, is painfully conscientious, and if I had made a confession of my first weakness, she would have grieved immoderately. But I must tell all or nothing.

"The stranger inquired, with a smile, if I was the party advertising a box of treasure, and at the same moment handed me a card with the initials S. P. L. written on the border in pencil, and the name, 'J. R. Langdon, Cincinnati,' printed in the middle.

"A thrill of disappointment shot through the marrow of my bones. I had communicated the initials to no person living. The man before had made one step toward the identification of the property by his knowledge of them. I regarded him with positive hatred. Happily, it is not what we think or feel, but what we do and say, that is of moment. With a desperate effort I gulped down my disappointment, and from that instant the thievish sentiment did not again visit the secret recesses of my heart.

"I received the stranger with affability, and as Alice had fortunately not understood the question, as the stranger spoke to me in an undertone, I requested him to walk out. We crossed the street to a small restaurant, and retired into a private room. 'Now, Sir,' said I, cheerfully, 'let us have a description and identification, and the property is yours.'

"The stranger seated himself, and called for liquor and cigars; but as I neither drank nor used tobacco, this point of sympathy was interrupted. He seemed disappointed.

"'The box of treasure,' said he, 'which you have been advertising since June, is not my property. I am sent by the owner to know what portion of the whole you will consider yours.'

"'Are you prepared to identify?'

"'Certainly: it was a box of ebony bound with brass; weighed perhaps fifty pounds; the initials S. P. L. on one end; brass handles; size about twenty inches by twelve, and seven deep.'

"'And the contents?'

"'Unfortunately, I can give you no information on that point. The true owner of the box and all that it contains is Madam Danton, a widow lady in Flatbush. As a friend of Madam Danton, I have visited you in the hope of recovering the property.'

"'I shall certainly restore to Madam Danton whatever of hers may be in my keeping. She has then only of late seen my advertisement?'

"'About a month ago her attention was first drawn to it, by the merest accident; and even then she would not have known that the affair concerned herself so nearly, had it not been for a letter which she had just received from a relative in Batavia. The letter,' continued the stranger, 'came by the way of Amsterdam.' So saying he produced a sea-letter, stamped with the several foreign postmarks, and the name of a Dutch merchant-ship, the *Shonvrow*, Batavia, in writing. The envelope was a strong paper of foreign make. As I could not read French, and the letter was in that language, he volunteered a translation. The purport of this communication, so interesting to myself and the Widow Danton, was as follows:

"S. Paul Lavernaque, a native of Marseilles, after an adventurous life as mariner, consul's agent, and finally ship-owner and buccaneer in the Indian archipelago, had at length settled, in his old age, at Batavia, master of a considerable fortune. Thinking that his younger sister, Louise Lavernaque, married to a Danton, and soon after a widow, in Amsterdam, might not utterly have forgotten him, he resolved to send her, by the hand of a friend, a small portion of his wealth. A buccaneer by profession, this worthy brother had acquired a better insight than most men into human nature; and, on the strength of his knowledge, had intrusted the treasure, hidden in a box of ebony bound with brass, to the care of an American sailor—who wished to return home—to be delivered to the Widow Danton at Amsterdam. The messenger, on his arrival, learned that Madam Danton had emigrated to America, and was living in New York. He sailed immediately for the United States, arrived safely in New York with his charge, but failed in discovering the residence of the widow. After several months of ineffectual and anxious inquiry this man had put a letter into the post-office directed to the person he was in search of, inclosing also the letter of Lavernaque. Why he had not done this sooner was unexplained.

"After reading and explaining the letter of Lavernaque, Mr. Langdon produced the letter of the sailor, a rude epistle, conveying information to the above effect, and signed 'John Smith.'

"'And now,' said the courteous Mr. Langdon, the youthful friend of Madam Danton, 'will you be kind enough to state the expenses which you have incurred, and the share of the contents of the box which you consider yours. Madam Danton, though poor, is liberal, and will gladly sacrifice a fourth to recover the remainder.'

"I was silent.

"'In order to convince you, Mr. Liston,' he continued, 'please look over this police report. The date of the paper, you will perceive, is June 14. The date of your finding the property is June 10.'

"I took the paper from him and read as follows:

"'On the night of the 9th inst. a fatal outrage was committed on the person of a sailor, on the sidewalk at the northeast corner of Avenue —— and D—— Street. A policeman saw two ruffians attack and knock down the man, who was carrying some heavy object, apparently a box or small valise, upon his shoulder. The policeman gave the alarm, but the villains made their escape, one of them carrying the box or valise. The sailor was taken to the station-house dangerously wounded with a slung shot. He was unable to speak, and died before morning. On his person were found a long Malay kreese, a jack-knife, and a silver watch worth about five dollars. The name John Smith was written on the inside of his tarpaulin. No person has come forward as yet to identify the body.'

"I returned the paper to Mr. Langdon with a feeling of certainty that this Madam Danton was in truth the owner of the property. I was disagreeably affected by his proposition to give me a quarter of the treasure, and frankly told him that I should restore the whole, excepting the expenses and a sufficient sum to pay for the loss of time and trouble—which was considerable.

"'Would you then be satisfied,' he said, 'with a thousand dollars!'

"I replied that that sum would be considered by me as liberal.

"'Well, then,' he continued, 'you have only to deliver the property and the business is concluded. Will you do so to-night?'

"'To Madam Danton,' said I, 'with pleasure I will give an order.'

"'Unfortunately,' he replied, 'Madam Danton is at Flatbush; but here I have her order for the box and its contents.'

"'You forget that it is in bank, and can not be delivered to-night.'

"'True; I will call early.'

"'At nine o'clock you can have the order. Will you require a personal identification at the C—— bank?'

"A slight change, like a summer cloud, passed over the face of Mr. Langdon.

"'I am a stranger in New York,' said he, 'I think you had better withdraw the deposit yourself, and deliver it to me at your house, say at twelve o'clock.'

"'Very well, as you please.' And we shook hands and parted with much civility.

"Now, thought I, it is proper to open this matter to Alice. She had made tea and waited for me.

"After a time she perceived that I was preoccupied and anxious. I began at the beginning, and developed the affair in its details. She was excited and agitated. I wished to have her opinion of Mr. Langdon. She believed him to be an impostor.

"'Impossible; his proofs are complete and satisfactory. Why do you distrust him?'

"'He is so plausible—so polite and insinuating. He played with the children—and made himself vastly agreeable—I dislike his—his—whiskers.'

"I could not forbear laughing. 'Come,' said I, 'Alice, that is unfair. This Langdon is a handsome man, and he naturally wishes to be agreeable to a handsome woman like yourself.'

"'Don't joke with me, Liston; I feel certain that Langdon is an impostor.'

"'Shall I consult W——d, the lawyer?'

"'Yes; do.'

"'I thought you hated him?'

"'Well, no; W——d is a gentleman, and shrewd; I hate his disagreeable puns and jokes, but I like him personally, and he is certainly keener than you are. You are too trustful by half.'

"'I will go and see W——d to-night.'

"I waited till midnight for W——d at his house. He came home worn and irritated; but on my explaining the nature of the business, he became deeply interested, and gave it immediate attention. After a searching and minute examination, which lasted two hours, he let me go, promising to be at my house, as if by accident, at twelve, the hour when Langdon was to receive the order for Madam Danton.

"The next day I remained at home. W——d came in at eleven o'clock, and we again talked over the business. At twelve precisely Langdon made his appearance. I introduced W——d to him as my legal adviser. Langdon shook hands with him, and W——d immediately opened the business.

"'Mr. Langdon,' said he, 'will you be kind enough to explain to me by what means you learned the name and residence of Mr. Liston?'

"'With pleasure. Feeling that a personal interview would be necessary, I placed myself at the box-office, and waited until Mr. Liston called for letters directed to Z. Y., I then followed him to his house, and inquired his name at the store opposite.'

"'H'm. It is singular that John Smith, the sailor, did not write sooner to Madam Danton.'

"'Smith was evidently a common sailor; and you can see by his letter that writing was a labor to him. He put it off to the last moment.'

"'Will you let me see Lavernaque's letter, Mr. Langdon?'

"Langdon gave the letter. W——d, I knew, was a master of French.

"He took the letter to the window and read it carefully. He then asked for John Smith's letter, which, I thought, Langdon gave him unwillingly.

"After a close inspection of the two, he folded them up and put them in his breast pocket. 'Of course, Mr. Langdon, you will have no objection to my retaining these letters?'

"'None whatever; they are the property of Madam Danton, but she will receive in exchange, through me, the property in question.'

"'H'm. Strange that Lavernaque should not have named the amount of treasure contained in the box?'

"'Perhaps,' said Langdon, 'you had better let me go for Madam Danton; and you can give the property to her. I presume it is in this house, as we agreed, Mr. Liston?'

"'No,' said I, 'we thought it better to make further investigations into the claims of Madam Danton. I have a friend living in Batavia; I will write to him in regard to it.'

"Mr. Langdon became uneasy. He rose and asked for the letters.

"W——d smiled, and shook his head. Langdon's brow grew dark and threatening.

"'Sir,' said he to W——d, 'it is not the act of a gentleman for you to retain these letters."

"'I believe them to be forgeries,' replied W——d, coldly, 'and I shall not give them up until they have been examined by some person skilled in handwritings. They are safe with me, Sir, and shall be returned to you as soon as they are pronounced genuine. The handwritings of both appear to me to have been executed by the same writer.'

"While W——d was speaking, Langdon, who sat near the door, took up his hat, and escaped so quietly and quickly he seemed to vanish.

"W——d laughed. 'It would have been troublesome to prove,' said he, taking out the letters, 'that these are forgeries; but the fellow has saved us that labor. A more experienced swindler would have defied us to the proof.'

"'His description of the casket,' said I, 'was accurate. By what means did he arrive at it?'

"'He must have been in communication with the person or persons who left it in your room. This morning I looked over a file of newspapers, and found the police report of June 14; I then applied at the station-house for additional facts. There have been no inquiries for the murdered seaman. The report I found to be substantially correct.'

"'It seems to me,' said I, 'that we have blundered in allowing Langdon to escape.'

"W——d was annoyed by the suggestion, and hurried off to the police office; but it was too late. The presumptive forger had either disguised himself too effectually for recognition, or had left the city.

"In April of the succeeding year I moved into a small cottage in the suburbs of South Brooklyn. My business increased, and became profitable. I built a large work-shop, and employed several journeyman. I felt sure that the owner of the treasure would by-and-by appear and establish his claim. Alice thought differently. She would never believe that the initials S. P. L. were not intended for my own name. She dreamed continually about the treasure; and in those visions the handsome swindler always made his appearance, which led me to suspect that his personal attractions had made a deeper impression upon her fancy than she was willing to acknowledge.

"The cottage which we occupied was the last one in a row of eight, built alike, each with a garden in front. The cottage next to ours was inhabited by a respectable, quiet old lady and her son, a dark, taciturn man, apparently about forty years of age. The old lady soon scraped acquaintance with Alice, over the railings of the garden, and they seemed to be mutually pleased with each other. Mrs. Maxwell—that was the name of our neighbor—complained bitterly of the business by which her son, John Maxwell, a widower, earned his living. As a journeyman printer, employed on a daily paper, he was absent every night until two o'clock, and sometimes until daylight. In the day time he remained in the house, smoking and drinking beer, and reading flash novels. The old lady compared his life to that of his father, the Rev. Dr. Maxwell, for whose memory she professed a degree of respect bordering on adoration. Old Mrs. Maxwell was popular in the neighborhood, and reputed charitable; but, for my part, I conceived a thorough detestation for her and her son—the one as a mischievous go-between, and the other as a sullen sot.

"I had rented this cottage for a year, and, notwithstanding the aversion I felt for our neighbors, fancied it necessary to remain in it. The upper rooms were divided from Mrs. Maxwell's by a mere partition of boards, and we found the snoring, hiccoughing, and grumbling of Mr. John Maxwell so thoroughly unpleasant, we were forced to leave that part of the house unoccupied, and confined ourselves to the first floor and basement.

"One evening, while crossing the South Ferry to New York, I caught a glimpse of a face that seemed familiar. The owner of the face avoided me, but I followed and cornered him; and in spite of the red hair and sandy whiskers, no longer shining with artificial blackness, I recognized the intelligent and polite Mr. Langdon, the friend of the widow Danton.

"'Mr. Langdon, I think?'

"'You have mistaken the man.'

"'Not at all; I have a good memory for faces. Now, Mr. Langdon, since we are happily met, you will find it necessary to go with me to the station-house, and from thence you will be taken to a place of greater security. Not a word; I need your services, Mr. Langdon. The less trouble you give me the less you make for yourself.'

"I put Langdon in charge of an officer at the landing, and rode up to W——d's. The same night we paid the friend of Madam Danton a visit in his cell. The officers of the law recognized him as a notorious swindler, commonly known as Faro Bill.

"Faro Bill was very liberal of his promises, and agreed to tell all he knew if we would give him his liberty, and forbear to appear against him. He then stated that he left the city the night after his interview with W——d and myself, and that he was himself one of the two men who had attacked the sailor on the corner of Avenue —— and D—— Street; that he and his comrade ran down a blind alley with the box, which they found very heavy, and impossible to open without a file and screw-driver. While in this hiding-place they both noticed the initials S. P. L. upon the casket. As the police were still in pursuit they dared not come out,

but climbed over a high spiked-fence into the yard of the house in which I was living, and of which the lower floor and basement were unoccupied. They entered the basement by a window, taking with them the precious casket, which they felt sure must contain specie, from its weight, and from the fact of its being carried by a seaman.

"At this point of his narrative Faro Bill introduced an episodical sketch of a former adventure of the same character, in which his companion, Black Jack, had left him at a critical moment and made off with the booty. This experience made him distrustful, and he did not quit his hold upon the casket, notwithstanding its weight, which distressed him exceedingly. While they were resting and consulting together in darkness and security, they heard the cry of an infant, and concluded that the third story must be occupied. As the neighborhood was thinly inhabited and many robberies had been committed there with impunity in open day, Black Jack proposed that they should finish the night with a burglarious expedition to the rooms above, leaving the casket, meanwhile, in the basement. Faro Bill was averse to the proposition, but finally yielded, with the understanding that he was to continue his grasp upon the handle of the casket.

"This being understood as a measure of safety in case they were obliged to make a sudden exit, they took off their shoes, came up the basement stairs, opened and left the front door ajar; ascended to the third story, and finding all quiet, peeped through the key-hole of my room, where they saw me asleep with a book lying before me and the candle burning by the bedside.

"Faro Bill put the casket upon the floor and sat down upon it, at the head of the stairs, while his companion quietly unlocked the door from the outside with a tool ingeniously formed for such an exploit. After this they waited, watching to see whether I had been wakened by the noise, which, though slight, was inevitable. The door was then opened by the elder robber, and the two entered together. Seeing nothing of value in the apartment, they concluded that, as the vest of the sleeper was nowhere visible in the room, it must be under the pillow, and consequently contained either a watch or money. It was necessary to raise the pillow; in order to do this they must move away the table. Faro Bill first put out the light to avoid recognition in case of my awakening, and to ease his left hand, which was weakened and sore with the galling handle of the heavy casket, he raised the latter and placed it upon the table. A ray from the moon gave light enough for the purpose they had in view. They then moved the table carefully away about three feet from the bed, Faro Bill standing at the bed's head facing the entrance of the room in which Alice was asleep with the children. This entrance was through a deep closet or bedroom, both the doors of which were open.

"He offered to make oath to the fact that, in raising his eyes after they had moved the table, he saw a white apparition coming toward him through this passage; that no sound proceeded from it; and that the eyes were open like the eyes of a corpse. He fled, horror-stricken, and Black Jack followed him; nor did the two cease running until they were far out of sight and hearing of the scene of this dreadful occurrence.

"The narrative of Faro Bill accounted for the presence of the casket in my room, but we were still to seek as to the right ownership. W——d cross-questioned him in regard to the assault upon the sailor. At first he refused to communicate any farther particulars, but the promise of money, and the application of a few lively threats, brought him to a better sense of his own interest. He admitted that Black Jack had found time to plunge his hand into the pockets of the seaman, and that he drew out a large wallet. That he thought no more of the matter. Thought there might have been money and papers in the wallet, but had secretly resolved to appropriate the ebony box for his own share, and let Jack take his chance with the wallet. Had been looking for Jack in Brooklyn when I arrested him on the ferry-boat; thought he might find him, and would undertake the search if we made it an object.

"After some reflection I offered one hundred dollars for the discovery of Black Jack, and nine hundred more to be paid in case the two together could produce the owner of the casket, or furnish papers that should lead to a discovery. W——d approved of the offer, and Faro Bill, after being set at liberty and furnished with a little money, promised to lose no time in earning the reward. I returned home that night confirmed in my confidence of finding, at no distant day, the real owner of the treasure.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

MY SISTER.

Up many flights of crazy stairs,
Where oft one's head knocks unawares,
With a rickety table, and without chairs,
And only a stool to kneel to prayers,
Dwells my sister.

There is no carpet upon the floor,
The wind whistles in through the cracks of the door;
One might reckon her miseries by the score,
But who feels interest in one so poor?
Yet she is my sister.

She was blooming, and fresh, and young, and fair,
With bright blue eyes, and auburn hair;
But the rose is eaten with canker care,
And her visage is mark'd with a grim despair.
Such is my sister!

When at early morning, to rest her head,
She throws herself on her weary bed,
Longing to sleep the sleep of the dead,
Yet fearing, from all she has heard and read;
Pity my sister.

But the bright sun shines on her and on me,
And on mine and hers, and on thine and thee;
Whatever our lot in life may be,
Whether of high or low degree,
Still she's our sister.
Weep for our sister,
Pray for our sister,
Succor our sister.

Miscellany.

HUSBAND-HUNTING.

I KNOW that if women wish to escape the stigma of husband-seeking, they must act and look like marble or clay—cold, expressionless, bloodless; for every appearance of feeling, of joy, sorrow, friendliness, antipathy, admiration, disgust, are alike construed by the world into the attempt to hook a husband. Never mind! well-meaning women have their own consciences to comfort them after all. Do not, therefore, be too much afraid of showing yourself as you are—affectionate and good-hearted—do not too harshly repress sentiments and feelings excellent in themselves, because you fear that some puppy may fancy that you are letting them come out to fascinate him; do not condemn yourself to live only by halves, because if you showed too much imitation, some pragmatical thing in breeches might take it into his pate to imagine that you designed to dedicate your life to his inanity.—*Jane Eyre.*

OBSERVATION.

THE habit of observation is one of the most valuable in life—its worth can never be too highly estimated, and it is one that can easily be cultivated. Never do any thing without observing that all you do is correct. Do not ever take a walk without having your eyes and ears open, and always try and remember what you see and hear. By this means you will acquire more knowledge than can ever be learned from books, as you will find the information in exactly the form you are capable of receiving it. Read books and newspapers, but, above all, acquire observing habits, for they will be always with you, and ever ready to store your mind with the truths of nature.

BREAKING A LOOKING-GLASS.

To break a looking-glass is accounted a very unlucky accident. Should it be a valuable one this is literally true, which is not always the case in similar superstitions. Mirrors were formerly used by magicians in their diabolical operations; and there was an ancient kind of divination by the looking-glass; hence, it should seem, has been derived the present popular notion. The breaking of a looking-glass betokens that its owner will lose his best friend. (See the Greek Scholia on the Clouds of Aristophanes.) Potter, in his *Antiquities of Greece*, says—"When divination by water was performed with a looking-glass it was called Catoptromancy;" sometimes they dipped a looking-glass into the water, when they desired to know what was to become of a sick person; for, as he looked well or ill in the glass, accordingly they presumed of his future condition. Sometimes glasses were used without water. Grose tells us that "breaking a looking-glass betokens a mortality in the family—commonly the master." Bonaparte's (Napoleon I.) superstition upon this point is often recorded. "During one of his campaigns in Italy," says M. de Constant, "he broke the glass over Josephine's portrait. He never rested till the return of the courier he forthwith dispatched to assure himself of her safety, so strong was the impression of her death upon his mind."

PORTRAIT OF CORTES.

MR. HELPS, in his "Spanish Conquest," writes: "One who knew him well, and whose descriptions of men are often as minute as if he were noting animals for sale, thus depicts Cortes: 'He was of good make and stature—well proportioned and stalwart. The color of his face inclined to pallor, and his countenance was not very joyful. His eyes, when he looked at you, had an amiable expression; otherwise, a haughty one. His beard was dark and thin, and so was his hair. His chest was deep, and his shoulders finely formed. He was slender, with very little stomach; somewhat bow-legged, with well turned thighs and ankles. He was a good horseman, and dexterous in the use of all arms, as well on foot as on horseback; and, above all, he had heart and soul, which are what is most to the purpose. When very angry, there was a vein which swelled in his forehead, and another in his throat; but, however enraged, his words were mild and decorous. He was remarkably clean and neat in his person—not delighting much in fine silks and velvets, or gorgeous ornaments. His present grandeur of estate sat upon him with the easiness of a well-fitting robe that had long been worn, and he presented in no way the appearance of a new-made man. He seemed rather to have come to some high fortune which had been awaiting him from his birth.'"

MARRIAGE.

GET married! Marry, let the risk be what it may; it gives dignity to your profession, inspires confidence, and commands respect. With a wife, the lawyer is more trusty, the doctor more esteemed, the mechanic throws the hammer with increased power, and shoves the plane with a more dexterous hand; the merchant gets a better credit—in short, a man without a wife is no man at all! She nurses while sick, she watches for him in health. Gentlemen, get a wife—a pretty one, if you like them best; a good one, when she is to be found; and a rich one, if you can get her pretty and good.

CATALOGUE OF MARTYRDOMS.

"THERE is not a town in Piedmont," said a Vaudois Barba, in his Memoirs, "in which some of our brethren have not been put to death." Jordan Tertian was burned alive at Suza; Hyppolyte Roussier was burned at Turin; Villermin Ambroise was hanged on the Col de Méane; Ugon Chiamps, of Fenestrelle, was taken at Suza, and conducted to Turin, where his bowels were torn out and flung into a basin, without his sufferings being terminated even by this frightful torture. Peter Geymonat, of Bobi, died at Lucerna, with a living cat in the interior of his body. Mary Romaine was buried alive at Roche-Plate; Madeleine Fontane suffered the same fate at St. John; Michel Gonet, a man almost a hundred years of age, was burned alive at Sarcena. Susanna Michelin, at the same place, was left in a dying state upon the snow. Bartholomew Frache, having been hacked with sabres, had his wounds filled with quicklime, and expired in this manner at Fenil. Daniel Michelin had his tongue torn out at Bobi, for having praised God. James Baridon, died, covered with brimstone matches, which they had fastened between his fingers, and about his lips, his nostrils, and all parts of his body. Daniel Révell had his mouth filled with gunpowder, which was set on fire, and the explosion of which tore his head in pieces. Mary Mounin was taken in the *Combe* of Liousa; the flush of her cheeks and of her chin was removed, so that the jaws were exposed, and in this way she was left to die. Paul Garnier was slowly mangled at Rora, Thomas Marguet mutilated in an indescribable manner at the Fort of Mirabouc, and Susanna Jaquin cut in pieces at La Tour. A number of young women of Taillaret, in order to escape outrages still more dreadful to them than death, flung themselves from a precipice, and perished among the rocks. Sarah Kostagnol was cleft up through the middle of her body, and was left in a dying state on the road from Eyrals to Lucerna. Anne Charbonnier was impaled alive, and borne in this state like a banner, from St. Jean to La Tour. At Pacsane, Daniel Rambaud had his nails torn out, then his fingers were cut off, then his feet and hands were severed by blows of hatchets, and then his arms and legs were separated from his body, upon each refusal that he made to abjure the Gospel.

CHRISTIANITY.

A BELIEVER in Christianity feels astonished that the philosophic infidel should overlook the fact that the Christianity which he despises actually fulfills all the conditions of such a religion as that to which he aspires. Does he abhor the idea of caste, or an inherent superiority of one man over another? So does Christianity. Does he maintain the solidarity of the human race as a fact of infinite importance in a social point of view? This is a fundamental principle of Christianity. It has even led to her being reproached with a want of patriotism, as if she merged the love of country in a universal philanthropy. Does he yearn for the recognition of fraternity? The principle was never so enforced in any system of philosophy as in the New Testament. Does he claim for all the right to subsist? Who but the early Christians ever combined together to throw their possessions into a common stock, of which all partook alike? Does he desire that the essential equality of all men should be continually made evident to the senses? Let him go to an assembly of Christians, and see high and low, rich and poor, the beggar and the noble, eating from the same table and drinking from the same cup. Does he desire to see the dignity of man vindicated? Christianity declares that the soul is created in the image of God; that the breath of man's nostrils is the spirit of God; and that man is a partaker of the Divine nature. It really seems self-evident that Christianity combines in itself all that is good, in a social point of view, which is to be found either in pure deism or pantheism.

CHILDREN'S TEMPER.

BAD temper is oftener the result of unhappy circumstances than of an unhappy organization; it frequently, however, has a physical cause, and a peevish child often needs dieting more than correcting. Some children are more prone to show temper than others, and sometimes on account of qualities which are valuable in themselves. For instance, a child of active temperament, sensitive feeling, and eager purpose, is more likely to meet with constant jars and rubs than a dull, passive child; and if he is of an open nature, his inward irritation is immediately shown in bursts of passion. If you repress these ebullitions by scolding and punishment, you only increase the evil by changing passion into sulkiness. A cheerful, good-tempered tone of your own, a sympathy with his trouble, whenever the trouble has arisen from no ill conduct on his part, are the best antidotes; but it would be better still to prevent beforehand, as much as possible, all sources of annoyance. Never fear spoiling children by making them too happy. Happiness is the atmosphere in which all good affections grow—the wholesome warmth necessary to make the heart-blood circulate healthily and freely; unhappiness the chilling pressure which produces here an inflammation, there an excrescence, and, worst of all, "the mind's green and yellow sickness—ill-temper."

MUSIC.

WITH all his supercilious heartlessness Horace Walpole wrote some very sensible things. "Had I children," he once said, "my utmost endeavors would be to breed them musicians. Considering I have no ear, nor even a thought for music, the preference seems odd, and yet it is embraced on frequent reflection. In short, my aim would be to make them happy. I think it the most profitable method. It is a resource which will last their lives, unless they grow deaf; it makes them depend upon themselves, not on others; always amuses and soothes, if not consoles; and of all fashionable pleasures it is the cheapest. It is capable of fame, without the danger of criticism; and is susceptible of enthusiasm without being priest-ridden."

DIGESTION.

IT is a principal object of medicine to give strength and tranquillity to the system at large, which must have a beneficial influence on all its parts, and greatly promote the well-doing of every local disease. We can not reasonably expect tranquillity of the nervous system while there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength but from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on this account that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to insure its perfection.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NEITHER men nor women become what they were intended to be by carpeting their progress with velvet; real strength is tested by difficulties.

The love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart. A girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily were fadeless, and the stream a mirror. We say, let the young girl seek to adorn her beauty, if she be taught also to adorn her mind and heart, that she may have wisdom to direct her love of ornament in due moderation.

"DIED POOR."

As if any body could die rich, and in that act of dying did not loose the grasp upon title-deed and bond, and go away a pauper, out of time. No gold, no jewels, no lands or tenements. And yet men have been buried who *did* die rich—died worth a thousand thoughts of beauty, a thousand pleasant memories, and a thousand hopes of glory.

THE END OF THE WORLD FORETOLD.

AN epidemic terror of the end of the world has several times spread over the nation. The most remarkable was that which seized Christendom about the middle of the tenth century, when, in France, Germany, and Italy, fanatics preached that the thousand years prophesied in the Apocalypse as the term of the world's duration were about to expire, and that the Day of Judgment was at hand. This delusion was discouraged by the Church, but it spread rapidly among the people. The scene of the Last Judgment was expected to be at Jerusalem, where, in the year 1000, a host of pilgrims, smitten with terror as with a plague, awaited the coming of the Lord.

GUNPOWDER NOT EXPLOSIVE.

GENERAL PIOBERT, of the French Artillery, and a member of the Institute, has made a discovery by which the explosion of gunpowder in magazines may be prevented. It consists simply of mixing the gunpowder with coal dust. When the gunpowder is required for use it is only necessary to sift it; the coal dust falls through the sieve, and the gunpowder resumes its original qualities. The experiment has been tried on a large scale with complete success. A magazine filled with gunpowder so mixed was set on fire. "No explosion took place," says the *Moniteur de l'Armée*. "The gunpowder burned like other combustible matters, such as pitch or tar, and the fire was extinguished with common pumps."

AN IMPERIAL GOLD-DIGGER.

LUMPS of fifteen pounds' weight are unquestionably worth digging for, and perhaps this induced the Emperor to excavate for gold in a part of the mine with his own hands. After digging and delving for somewhat more than an hour, his Imperial Majesty's arms intimated that wielding the pickaxe and shovel was physically more laborious than holding the sceptre. He gave up, having thrown up a quantity of sand from which some gold was washed in small grains. A workman continued the excavation, and at the depth of two feet below where his Majesty left off digging found a lump weighing twenty-four pounds (sixty-eight zolotniks). To commemorate the event, and point out the exact spot on which his Imperial Majesty labored as a gold-digger, a small pyramid was erected.—*Atkinson's Oriental and Western Siberia.*

THE FIRST AMERICAN NEWSPAPER.

IN 1638 the Rev. John Glover, an English dissenting minister, sent the newly-founded University of Cambridge an assortment of type. The Amsterdam merchants, through charity and a hope of assisting the Protestant faith, gave £40 to purchase a press, and subscriptions did the rest. The first printer was a John Green, whose descendants have stuck to the press ever since. In 1691 a certain Thomas Mole received authority to establish the first post-office, but his speculation was very unsuccessful. In Massachusetts, so late as 1703, the postmaster, John Campbell, was obliged to ask for a law to prevent his rights being interfered with, as well as an annual salary. Not succeeding in his wish, he was obliged, in self-defense, to establish the first newspaper. The celebrated divine, John Cotton, was in the habit of giving a weekly Thursday lecture, to which the country people flocked in. This affluence of news-seeking persons furnished Campbell with the idea of his novel undertaking. As postmaster he received the first European news; and on market-day his house was thronged with visitors, coming with or for their letters. He therefore started the *Boston News-Letter*, the first number of which appeared on the 24th of April, 1704. For nearly sixteen years it was the only American paper; but in 1719 Andrew Bradford published the first paper in Pennsylvania, the *American Weekly Mercury*. The example was soon followed, and in the next year a rival to the *Boston News-Letter* made its appearance in the *Boston Gazette*. The proprietor of the former expressed his regret for the readers of the new paper, which he said smelt rather of beer than of the midnight oil. But both were soon to be eclipsed by the appearance of what may be regarded as the first real American paper, the *New England Courant*, founded by James Franklin, on the 17th of July, 1721.

THE BELLE THAT ANSWERED THE KNOCKER.

A VERY decent-looking, respectable man, about thirty-five years of age, who carried on some small business in a neighboring town, a widower and a Wesleyan, knocked at my door. He was then a perfect stranger. The man-servant opened it. "I want," said the stranger, "to speak with one of Mr. ——'s female servants." "Which?" "Oh, it does not signify which." The announcement was made in the kitchen. "I'm sure I won't go," said one. "Nor I," says another. "Then I will," said the nurse; and straight she went to the door. "Do you wish to speak with me, Sir?" "Yes, I do," said the stranger; "I am a widower, and I hear a very good character of Mr. ——'s servants. I want a wife, and you will do very well." "Please to walk in, Sir," said the nurse. The man was really in earnest. In due time he married the woman, and I verily believe they neither of them had any reason to repent the choice thus singularly made. She fell into his ways—had a good voice,

and joined him in many a hymn, thus manifesting their happiness and their thanks, while he was busy about his work and she rocked the cradle. I represent them as I saw them, and I doubt not their whole life was conformable to the scene.—*Eagle's Essays.*

ORIGIN OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.

MATHEW of Westminster says that, formerly, it was usual to kiss the hand of his Holiness; but that, toward the end of the eighth century, a certain lewd woman, in making an offering to the Pope, not only kissed his hand, but also pressed it. The Pope—his name was Leo—seeing the danger, cut off his hand, and thus escaped the contamination to which it had been exposed. Since that time the precaution has been taken of kissing the Pope's toe instead of his hand; and, lest any one should doubt the accuracy of this account, the historian assures us that the hand which had been cut off five or six hundred years before still existed in Rome, and was indeed a standing miracle, since it was preserved in the Lateran in its original state, free from corruption.—*Buckle's History of Civilization.*

THE DEVIL'S DIALECT.

SOON after Dr. Porteus, late Bishop of London, was advanced to the metropolitan see, he went to Court, where his Majesty addressed him in French, which the prelate did not understand; he then spoke to him in Italian; with that language he was likewise unacquainted. "What, my lord," said the King, "don't you understand the polite languages?" "Oh, my liege," replied the bishop, "the acquisition is not necessary, as the devil is as much mortified by a reproof in plain English as any other dialect."

THE BUSTLING MAN.

A "BUSTLING MAN" is, to a man of business, what a monkey is to a man. He is the shadow of dispatch, or rather the echo thereof; for he maketh noise enough for an alarm. The quickness of a true man of business he imitateth excellently well, but neither his silence nor his method; and it is to be noted that he is ever most vehement about matters of no significance. He is always in such headlong haste to overtake the next minute, that he loseth half the minute in hand; and yet is full of impatience and indignation at other people's slowness, and wasteth more time in reiterating his love of dispatch than would suffice for doing a great deal of business. He never giveth you his quiet attention with a mind centred on what you are saying, but hears you with a restless eye, and a perpetual shifting of posture; and is so eager to show his quickness, that he interrupteth you a dozen times, misunderstands you as often, and ends by making you and himself lose twice as much time as was necessary. He writeth the merest note with an air; useth the blotting-paper with a thump, as if he would crush it; foldeth it with a flourish; sealeth it with such eagerness that he burneth his fingers, upsetteth the taper, and, in short, maketh noise and wind enough for twenty times the business. In his hurry, he is continually mislaying what he wants, and then causeth worse confusion by turning out the whole contents of a drawer or a desk in finding it. If he comes to see you on business, he rusheth into the room, throweth down his hat and gloves, as if he had not time to place them any where: and taking out his watch, expresseth his regret that he can give you only two minutes, while you think the two minutes too long. After he is gone, with a slam of the door which goes through you, he steppeth back three times to mention some things he had forgotten. If you go to see *him* on business, he placeth you a chair with ostentatious haste—begs you will excuse him while he dispatcheth two or three messages on most urgent business—calls each of them back once or twice to give fresh installments of his defective instructions; and, having at last dismissed them, regretteth, as usual, that he hath only five minutes to spare, whereof he spendeth half in telling you the distracting number of his engagements.

THE "NATIONAL INTELLIGENCER" AND ITS EDITORS.

THE families of Gales and Seaton are in their origin Scotch and English. The first of the Seatons who emigrated to this country was named Henry. He came to Virginia about the close of the 17th century, and settled in Gloucester County; and from him, in a direct line, is descended William Winston Seaton, the present editor. The Gales are of much more recent naturalization. Joseph Gales, the father of the present editor, came to this country in 1793, having first settled in Philadelphia. In England he was the founder and proprietor of the *Sheffield Register*, and to the business of publisher he joined that of bookseller. As had been the case with the first Seaton, he left his native land on account of political trouble—transferring his paper and business to James Montgomery, the poet, who changed the *Register* into the *Iris*, and who until his death continued a devoted friend to those of the Gales family who were left behind, as well as to those of them who had emigrated. He had at first entered the office of the *Register* as an assistant. On his arrival in Philadelphia, Mr. Gales sought, and at once found, employment as a printer with the leading man there, Mr. Claypole.. While in that position he inaugurated the art in this country of reporting by short-hand the debates of Congress. An opportunity soon offering itself, he became the purchaser of the *Independent Gazeteer*, which he conducted with ability until 1799—making both reputation and friends. The person who purchased his paper and succeeded him in Philadelphia was Samuel Harrison Smith. Among his friends were the members of Congress from North Carolina. Through their influence he was induced to sell out and remove to Raleigh, where he established the *Register*—the *Gazeteer*, as we shall soon see, having been transferred to Washington, and transformed into the *National Intelligencer*. To speak of the elder

JOSEPH GALES.

Joseph Gales as a man of superior ability, high moral rectitude, and a universal favorite with those who knew him, would be like repeating a thrice-told tale. The closing years of his life were spent in Washington, where his son Joseph and a daughter were already established; and after devoting himself with zeal to the organization and management of the American Colonization Society, he went to Raleigh upon a visit, and there died in 1841, in the eightieth year of his age.

On the removal of the Government from Philadelphia to Washington, Mr. Harrison Smith followed with his printing-office, and on the 31st October, 1800, commenced the publication there of the *National Intelligencer and Washington Advertiser* as a tri-weekly journal. By him alone it was conducted until 1807, when he was joined by Joseph Gales the younger, who had just concluded a residence in Philadelphia in perfecting himself in the practical knowledge of printing. In 1810 Mr. Smith retired from the business, and Mr. Gales became the sole proprietor of the *National Intelligencer*, at which time the second title was dropped. And here we must pause a moment for the purpose of looking at the antecedents of the newly-fledged editor of this important journal. He was born on the 10th April, 1786, in the rural town of Eckington, near Sheffield, and when his father crossed the ocean was nearly seven years old. On his removal to Raleigh, about six years afterward, he was placed at school, and subsequently attended the University of North Carolina; and his youth prefigured the coming man. As a boy he is said to have had a fondness for the more sterling authors, and to have been an adept in the art of elocution. Like his father before him, he early made himself acquainted with the art of stenography, and it was in compliance with the wishes of his father that he removed to Washington; and though at first connected with Mr. Smith as an assistant, he very soon became his partner, and so continued until left alone.

In assuming the undivided charge of his journal the young editor thought it becoming to set forth one principle, which has invariably been the guide of his public life. "It is the dearest right," said he to his readers, "and ought to be cherished as the proudest prerogative of a freeman, to be guided by the unbiased convictions of his own judgment. This right it is my firm purpose to maintain, and to preserve inviolate the independence of the print now committed into my hands." In 1813 Mr. Gales married Juliana, daughter of Theodorick Lee, Esq., of Virginia, and niece of General Henry Lee, of the Revolution. In October, 1812, proposing to himself the change of his paper into a daily one, Mr. Gales invited Mr. Seaton, who had by this time become his brother-in-law, to come and join him. The partnership was formed in October, 1812, and the change made in January, 1813. The youthful intimacy which had existed between the twain in Raleigh at once matured into that friendship which has kept them together to the present time.

Here must we pause again for the purpose of bringing down the story of William Seaton to the period of the family as well as business alliance. He was born in King William County, Virginia, on the 11th January, 1785. At the old family mansion he passed his childhood, and there, too, he trod the first steps of learning, under the guidance of a domestic tutor. He also went through a course of training at what was then the famous academy of Ogilvie, a Scotchman of family, afterward Earl of Findlator, who had the honor of teaching such men as Winfield Scott, William C. Preston, and B. Watkins Leigh. At the age of eighteen Mr. Seaton entered earnestly upon the duties of life; and, being a ready writer, he very soon became a politician. He first became assistant-editor of one of the Richmond papers. From Richmond he went to Petersburg, and took charge of the *Republican* during a long absence of its proprietor, Mr. Thomas Field. His next advance was to the proprietorship and editorship of the *North Carolina Journal*, published at Halifax, the former capital of the State. Though its politics had previously been of the Federal school, he promptly took sides with the Republican party, in which he had been raised, and to which he always belonged; and when, on account of ill health, contracted on the sickly shores of the Roanoke, he sold the journal, it had become in his hands twice as valuable a property as when he purchased it, and obtained that additional price. His next move was to Raleigh, where, in accordance with a previous arrangement, he joined himself to the *Register* of Mr. Gales, Sen., and subsequently, in 1809, married the daughter of Mr. Gales, and sister of his future business partner, by whose invitation he came to Washington in 1812. From this point the stories of Gales and Seaton become united, and, with rare concord, merge into one. They have never had a difference of opinion on political questions, and never a jar or misunderstanding of any sort, but have, during forty-five years, lived in the harmony of brothers. They have never known a division of interests; from their common coffer, each has always drawn whatever he chose; and for thirty years past there has never been a settlement of accounts between them. To sketch the career of the *National Intelligencer* through all the ramifications of our political history for the last fifty years does not come within the scope of this article, and what little remains to be said here will be of a personal character. The lives of Gales and Seaton since they became mature and settled, have presented few events not common to all men; little of vicissitude, beyond that of pockets now full and now empty; nothing but a steady performance of duty, an exertion when necessary of high ability, and the accumulation, through these, of a deeply-felt esteem among all the best and wisest of the land. Tempering the heats of party strife, nationalizing all spirit of section, and spreading constantly on each question of the day a mass of sound information, the venerable editors have been all the while a power and a safety in the land—no matter who were the rulers. The modesty and candor of the *Intelligencer*, its fairness and courtesy, have been invariable; nor less so its observance of that decorum, those proprieties and charities, which constitute the very grace of all public life.

From the time of their coming together, down to the year 1820, Gales and Seaton were the exclusive reporters as well as editors of their journal; one of them devoting himself to the Senate, and the other to the House of Representatives. Generally speaking, they published only running reports; on special occasions, however, giving the speeches entire. In those days there were no other reporters of the debates, and these gentlemen had seats of honor assigned to them in each House, and over the snuff-box, in a quiet and familiar way, the topics of the day were occasionally discussed with the most distinguished members. To the privilege they then enjoyed, but more especially to their sagacity and industry, are we now indebted, as a country, to their *Register of Debates*, which, with the *Intelligencer*, have become an important part of our national history. As in their journal nearly all of the most eminent of American statesmen have discussed the affairs of the country, so have they been the direct means of recovering and preserving many of the speeches which are now the acknowledged ornaments of our political literature. That they have, as men, given away to the poor money enough almost to build a city, and to the unfortunate spoken kind words enough to fill a library; that their opinions on public matters have been solicited by Senators, Secretaries, and even Presidents, opposed to them in politics; that their home-life has been made happy by the influences of refinement and taste; that their journal has done more than any other in the country to promote a healthy tone in polite literature and sound principles; and that they are universally respected and beloved by those who know them, are all assertions that none can truthfully deny. If to look back upon a life *not uselessly spent* is what will give us peace at last, then will the evening of their days be all that they could desire; and their "silver hairs," the most appropriate crown of true patriotism,

"Will purchase them a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend their deeds."

Nor have they been without reward—indeed one of the highest rewards in this world—for a kind Providence has preserved to them both, in health and activity, to gild their declining years, their accomplished and excellent wives.

With one exception, the *National Intelligencer* was the first gazette established in Washington, and since its birth-day there have been published, and have passed away into forgetfulness, more than one hundred journals of different creeds.

WILLIAM WINSTON SEATON.

THE LAMENT OF A PRIZE OX.

I.

ALAS! a stall-fed beast am I,
  Weary with fat I grow;
To handle well, and please the eye,
The connoisseurs my points espy,
  At the famous Cattle Show.

II.

For months my wheaten straw was spread,
  On oil-cake, sweet and prime,
Like glutton-lord, I freely fed,
Not dreaming I was born and bred
  To roast, at Christmas time.

III.

Bold butcher boys, prepare your knife,
  Your pole-axe raise on high!
Think not I cling, like man, to life,
I'm sick of fat, and graziers' strife;
  Strike—for I long to die!

IV.

One short, sharp pang, and I am gone!
  No soul have I to save!
Record my weight of flesh and bone,
My offal to the winds be thrown,
  It is not worth a grave!

V.

Place me on porcelain dishes, fine
  As ever potter sold;
Pledge me in cups of rosy wine,
You'll deem the ox a thing divine
  Like Apis was of old.

THE GREAT MASTER.

JONAS JOHNSON was the youngest son of an organ-builder in New England. He was a small, quiet boy, in no way remarkable except in his passion for harmonies. So great was his love for music that from his most tender years he could not listen unmoved to the singing of his sisters as they went about their homely work, and if the voices happened to be discordant he ran shuddering from the sound. The choir of untutored country singers in church service made tears fall from his eyes upon his hymn-book while he joined his small voice with theirs.

Although Jonas let his tears fall unwittingly, the organ-builder saw them and treasured them in his heart. When the boy had reached his eleventh year the family left the country town and came to live in New York. Here the father determined to let his son learn the organ.

"Remember, Jonas," said he, "I am a poor man, and can ill afford to go into this expense unless you do the work before you manfully and patiently. I give you this profession instead of a trade because I believe it to be your wish."

Jonas was entirely satisfied, and his slim fingers quivered in the anticipation of one day being able to move those mysterious white and black keys to the sound and measure of Te Deums and chants. A teacher was selected whose manner of educating was thorough and profound. At the first lesson Jonas became unequivocally assured that the business was a serious one, when, after a third time striking G instead of G-sharp, the heavy, quick blow of the master's stick hummed and stung across his hands as they hovered over the organ-keys. Poor fingers! they could work no more that day—they were stiffened and red. He wept so profusely that he was requested to retire and to return again in two days.

All the way home he sobbed, and held his hands suspended from the wrists, a most pitiable object. "Ah! you old ruffian!" soliloquized the tearful pupil, "won't my father give it to you for this? Won't he thrash your bones, old Bluebeard?"

He found his father in the workshop.

"Well," cried the organ-builder, "how went the lesson?" He saw there had been trouble.

Jonas with fresh tears showed his chafed fingers and told the event. The father listened with darkened brow, and when the sad tale was ended he solemnly led his son into a back room, and after inflicting a thorough corporal punishment, warned him in a terrible voice never again to complain of his master.

Our hero felt for a while that this was almost beyond human endurance, and for several hours he lay upon a pile of shavings plotting vengeance upon those whom he considered his worst enemies, when a sudden thrill shot through him at the sound of rich organ tones. The sound came from his father's wareroom. Evidently a master hand was there. Jonas sat up and listened. It was the portion of a prelude by Sebastian Bach, and the marvelous harmonies seemed to speak to Jonas as the voice of a spirit. He rose upon his feet, and his whole soul trembled with the wonderful words it spoke to him, though as yet he hardly understood their meaning. He went to the door and gently opened it. The back of the high organ stood opposite to him. He did not wish to be observed, and he passed quietly along at the end of the large room until he saw the musician. Could it be the master? Yes, Jonas recognized the long curling beard, and even the *baton* as it lay upon the chair. Amidst the glowing chords the boy contrived to pass on unnoticed. He remembered that in two days he must again present himself. Could that terrible personage be confronted with an imperfect scale? The very thought was a shudder. Besides, Jonas felt an inspiration now. He again burned to be a musician. The revengeful spirit left him—he thought only of Sebastian Bach.

A small organ had been placed in the little garret where Jonas slept. Thither he repaired, and commenced the work that ever since he has performed so well.

The dreaded master found no fault with the next lesson, and as Jonas advanced and he perceived that he studied with a zeal, an earnestness quite unusual in a boy, his stern manner relaxed, and he dared allow all the warmth of his heart to cheer his now beloved pupil.

At the end of five months Jonas met with a great misfortune. His master, after a short and sudden illness, died—which so cut him down that the organ-builder feared for his son's health. The boy stoutly refused to work under any other teacher, assuring his family that he felt able now to go on alone. Early morning and late evening found the young musician at his organ in the garret. Those who read this biography will scarcely believe how great was his progress. But I state facts.

Just after he had entered his twelfth year he happened to overhear two men, in a music store, conversing about a church in the upper part of the city, where the organist was to leave in a few weeks. Jonas listened.

"He plays in too operatic a style to suit the congregation," said one.

"Yes," said the other; "they are not fashionable, and the simpler the playing the better they are pleased."

"Where is the church?" asked Jonas.

"It is Saint C——'s, in —— Street."

Jonas returned to his organ, swelling with a new and great idea. The following Sunday morning he went early to Saint C——'s Church. No person had arrived except the organist, who was arranging music in the loft. Jonas stepped up the stairway and came round in front where he could see the selections. The organist turned at the intrusion.

"What do you want here, Sir?" said he.

"I heard there was to be a vacancy, Sir."

"And do you know of one who wishes to occupy it?"

"I should like it."

"You?"

"Yes, I am an organist."

This simple reply brought a smile to the lips of the questioner. He pointed to a page in the service, and said, "Play that." And giving up his seat to Jonas, he went to the side to blow the bellows. Feeling nervous and anxious, Jonas began—at first tremulously, but gaining courage with every chord, he successfully accomplished the task, while the organist ran from the bellows to the music, and from the music to the bellows again, in great surprise. At the conclusion they both drew a long breath.

"Well, that is rather remarkable!" said the organist. "And you want the vacancy?"

"Very much," replied Jonas, trembling with pleasure.

"Then come here this afternoon, just before church, and I will take you to the minister. He makes all these arrangements."

The boy went home, overflowing with great reflections. He said nothing to his father on the subject. He dared not trust himself yet. Never did hours pass so slowly as the two between dinner and church that afternoon. But the good time came, and Jonas was true to his appointment, as was the organist, who took him into the vestry-room, and introduced him as an applicant for the vacancy.

Tall, white-haired, and benign the minister stood as Jonas told him his desire.

"Yes, my boy, the present organist will leave in three weeks. Will that give you time to become acquainted with our service?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then I have only to hear you play before deciding. Will you take the organist's place this afternoon? He will show you the forms."

The proposal was sudden and unexpected, and made Jonas's heart quake; but he felt that all depended on his courage, and he accepted.

He took his seat before the great organ with a brave but serious spirit. The bell ceased tolling; the minister entered; and Jonas pressed his slight fingers upon the first chord of the voluntary, which, extemporaneous as it was, may be considered the corner-stone of the grand success of his life.

The music that afternoon was simple and pure as the heart from which it flowed. Again Jonas presented himself before the minister, who received him in a most affectionate manner.

"Keep to this simple style," said he, "and we shall never wish to change. How much salary have you fixed upon?"

"Indeed, Sir, I never thought of it. I only wished to play in a church."

The minister sat down at a table, and taking pen and paper, went on: "You shall receive what we have always paid—the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars a year. I will draw the agreement. Come, now, and sign your name."

"Your chirography is not equal to your organ-playing," continued the minister, smiling, as he saw the child-like, uneven signature of Jonas Johnson; "but one can not expect every thing of such a little fellow. Here, then, is the contract. Take care of it."

Jonas took leave of his friend, and hurried home. When the family of the organ-builder gathered about the hearth-stone that evening, the youngest came to the father, and drew forth his contract.

"What is this, my son?"

Jonas made no answer, but waited while the spectacles were adjusted on the respective noses of both parents—waited until they had read the agreement drawn by the minister—waited until his mother had hugged him almost to suffocation, and until his father had taken two turns across the floor, and said, "He's going to be a great master, wife—a great master! God bless him!" And then he could wait no longer, but ran up to his little garret, where he seemed to feel the presence of many "great masters;" and throwing himself upon the cot, gave vent to his welling heart in sobs of joy, and hope, and ambition.

The organ-builder's prophecy came true. The world is now indebted to Jonas for some of its best church music. As a composer and teacher he is "great." Those who are as fortunate as the writer of this sketch in having him as teacher to their children can truly say they know a "great master" in all senses.

The organ-builder is now a happy, hale old man, but he insists that he can never forgive himself for having so severely beaten his gifted son, after his first lesson, although Jonas tries to make him believe that it was probably the foundation of his success.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

A TRUTH FOR LAWYERS TO STARE AT.—The case most easily got up is the stair-case.

MOTTO FOR AN AUCTIONEER.—"A sale in sight appears."

The bankrupt's ill wind that blows no one any good is a trade wind.

MOTTO FOR A SUB-EDITOR.—*Aut* Scissors, *aut nullus.*

TOP-DRESSING FOR LADIES.—From the time consumed by a young lady in "doing her hair," it is evident that this is the *mane* part of her dressing.

PAPER AND BRONZE.—The great Prussian sculptor, Christian Rauch, has departed, full of honors. His splendid monument to Frederick the Great will endure as long as earth worships conquerors—perhaps longer. To the same man Thomas Carlyle has just completed another memorial. We wonder which is the heavier.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE MERCENARY.—Before you marry a lady for her money, consider what an encumbrance you will find your wife, in the event of having lost or spent all she was worth.

The late Rev. Dr. Choules would have enjoyed the following joke at his own expense, as much as any one. He loved a good thing amazingly. The Doctor was a short, thick little man; with much stomach and brief continuations. The door-keeper of the Lyceum Hall, half drunk and very impatient to have the Doctor come to the end of his lecture one evening, exclaimed: "I never could have believed so short a man would make so long a lecture."

"Abstain from beans," says Pythagoras. Why so? has been often asked. Some have thought him a præ-Grahamite, and did not find them wholesome; others give a reason bordering on anatomical mystery. I find that Plutarch says that it means *keep out of public office;* "for, anciently, new magistrates were chosen and the old ones discharged by suffrages numbered by *beans.*"

The Chicago *Tribune* has the following announcement in large type at the head of its second page:

"This paper sent one year for three bushels of wheat, or six bushels of oats."

A dying Irishman was asked by his confessor if he was ready to renounce the devil and all his works. "Oh, your honor," said Pat, "don't ask me that; I'm going into a strange country, and I don't want to make myself enemies!"

Mrs. Grizzle's husband lately died of cholera. In the midst of the most acute bodily pain, after the hand of death had touched him, and while writhing in agony, his gentle wife said to him, "Well, Mr. Grizzle, you needn't kick round so, and wear all the sheets out, if you are dying!"

It is a curious fact in the grammar of politics, that when statesmen get into place they often become oblivious of their antecedents, but are seldom forgetful of their relatives.

A lady being about to marry a small man was told that he was a very bad fellow. "Well," says she, "if he's bad, there's one comfort—there is very little of him."

A broken-down merchant, to console himself, got drunk, and while pouring forth his warmest desire to make all men happy, he wound up thus: "And if I owe any man any thing, I freely forgive him the debt!"

Afflictions, when accompanied with grace, alter their nature, as wormwood eaten with bread will lose its bitterness.

Alcohol was first invented and used to stain the cheeks of the ladies of Arabia—950 years ago. It still reddens the human face.

A man strikes me with a sword, and inflicts a wound. Suppose instead of binding up the wound, I am showing it to every body; and after it has been bound up, I am taking off the bandage continually and examining the depth of the wound and causing it to fester, till my limb becomes greatly inflamed, and my general health is materially affected; is there a person in the world that would not call me a fool? Now such a fool is he, who, by dwelling upon little injuries, or insults, or provocations, causes them to agitate and inflame his mind. How much better were it to put a bandage over the wound, and never look at it again!

A man called upon a lawyer the other day and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I'm a husband-in-law!" "A what!" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, Sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus! I am a husband-in-*law*, but not in *fact*, Sir—my wife's run off."

Underneath the sod, low lying,
  Dark and drear,
Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
  Sorrow here.

Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
  Eyes that weep;
Forms, that to the cold grave bore her,
  Vigils keep.

When the summer moon is shining
  Soft and fair,
Friends she loved in tears are twining
  Chaplets there.

Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
  Throned above;
Souls like thine with God inherit
  Life and love!

"So you had a bad suisincide at your house lass nite, Sam," said a colored gemman, on meeting his colored crony, a waiter at a hotel.

"Oh, yes, Lemuel, dat we had—it almoss scart me into takin a drink. He wus gis from California, wid heeps of noospapers. He cum ober de Jerecipelus by de Niggerauger route, and put up at our house prebious to his 'ribal. I tort de man wus out ob he hed kase he gub me a shillin' as soon as he laid eyes on me—from dat minit I stuck by him fur fear sum interested pusson might git a hold ob him. De nex mornin, as de chamber-maid wus agwane up stairs wid a skuttle ob cole for her breakfass, she smelt *ludlum*, passin de man's do'—soon as she smelt dat she smelt a rat. She nocked to de man's do', but no answer. Den she broke de do' doun, and dar laid de man wid he boots on, and in he troat wus a stickin in a bottle ob ludlum. She hollered, and we all kotched hold ob de bottle and tryed to pull it out, but it wasent no use. We had to send for the sturgeon. De sturgeon cum, and made a desision here in de neck nie de Borax, which reached as fur as de equilbrum reached into de sarcofogus—and putting a cortven in de desision, gub it a poke wid a dispatchlus, when out flew de bottle and all wus safe."

"What was safe, Sam, de man?"

"No, de bottle—de man wus ded afore de sturgeon cume—but he had to do sumfin to earn a feeler."

"Wus dere ennything found in de pockets, Sam?"

"How you suppose I know? Do you tink I'd put my hand in to feel? What you mean to sinewate?"

"Oh! nuffin—only I neber seed you hab sich good close on afore, dats all."

HOPE.—A sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he's waiting for a bone.

John Brougham, the celebrated dramatist and wit, dining at the Astor House one day with a party of friends, made some allusion to the *Lantern*, a comic paper of some excellence, and of which he was the principal editor.

"Oh, the *Lantern!*" said T. D. Reilly, with a sneer, "I never read that paper except when I am drunk!"

"Then by the powers," replied Brougham, "you are a *pretty constant reader*, I should say!"

This allusion to poor Reilly's only failing was a settler for the "Irish Rebel."

A child is eager to have any toy he sees, but throws it away at the sight of another, and is equally eager to have *that*. We are most of us *children* through life, and only change one *toy* for another from the cradle to the grave.

At a recent mesmeric lecture, in Exeter, one of the experiments most signally failed, to the chagrin of the lecturer. Having, as he fancied, mesmerized a table and a man's hand, and by some means held the two so effectually together that it all depended on his single will whether they should ever again be parted, he placed a shilling in tempting proximity to the hand "in a fix," and exclaimed, "There now, my man, if you can take up that shilling you may have it!" "Thank you," said the honest fellow, as he very coolly dropped the coin into his waistcoat pocket.

Judge Paine's fondness for strong liquor is well known. He stepped into Dick Conkey's tavern one day when the bar-room was full of people. Stepping up to the bar, he proceeded to pour out from a decanter of Dickey's best white eye an even tumblerful of the clear quill, which he imbibed with astonishing avidity, following it up immediately with about half as much more. As he was walking out to the piazza, he said: "I declare that is the best water in this town; I would go half a mile any day for a drink of it." The Judge could have left then with a balance in his favor, but he must needs try another sell on the landlord's son, a lad of fourteen, by asking him if he had heard the devil was dead. The boy replied in the negative, but said he "knew he was in *great Paine.*" The crowd yelled, and were suddenly relieved of *great Paine's* presence.

We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age a short time ago. The subject of wedding-cake had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding-cake when I get married."

"Why not?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the young hopeful, "*you didn't send me any of yours!*"

The other day an Irishman applied at the New York Railway station, asking the fare to Harlem, how far it was off, and what time the next train would leave—when he received an answer to each question. In the space of a few minutes he returned and repeated the same questions, and was told that he had only just been answered. "Faith it is not myself that wants to know this time, but Mike outside."

Porter's "*Spirit*" has the following: "Chon, you recklememper dat liddle plack bony I pyed mit the bedlar next veek?"

"Yah; vot of him?"

"Notings, only I gits sheated burdy pad."

"So?"

"Yah. You see in de vurst blace he ish plint mith bote legs, unt ferry lame mit von eye. Den ven you gits on him to rite he rares up pehint unt kicks up pefore so vurser as a chachmule. I dinks I dake him a liddle rite yesdertay, unt so sooner I gits straddle his pack he gonsmence dat vay, shust so like a vakin poam on a poatsteam; unt ven he gits tone, I vas so mixed up mit eferydinks, I vints minezelf zittin arount packvards, mit his dail in mine hants vor de pridle."

"Vell, vot you going to do mit him?"

"Oh, I vixed him petter as cham up. I hitch him in te cart mit his dail vere his heat ought to pe; den I gife him apout so a tozen cuts mit a hitecow; he starts to go, put so soon he see te cart pefore him he makes packwards. Burdy soon he stumbles pehint, unt sits town on his hanches, unt looks like he veel burty shamped mit himzelf. Den I dakes him out, hitch him de rite vay, unt he goes rite of shust so good as anypodys bony."

Handsome features alone are incapable of expressing real beauty, as speech alone is incapable of expressing wit.

"Give me a copy of those lines,"
  Sues the fair Celia to her poet lover;
Delightful, he, the sheet resigns—
  His cup of bliss, quite full, is running over.
Forthwith she hides the paper prize
  Safe in her bosom's labyrinth of laces;
He marks the imprisonment, and cries,
  "My *lines*, in truth, have fallen in pleasant places."

A well known political economist says; "We pay best—first, those who destroy us, generals; second, those who cheat us, politicians and quacks; third, those who abuse us, singers and musicians; and least of all, those who instruct us, ministers, authors, schoolmasters, and editors."

"Mr. Smith, don't you think Mr. Skeesicks is a young man of parts?" "Decidedly so, Miss Brown; he is part numbskull, and part knave, and part fool!"

A Spanish proverb says that the Jews ruin themselves at their passovers, the Moors at their marriages, and the Christians at their lawsuits.

"I can't understand why people send children to school so long nowadays," said a loafer as he sat upon the counter of a bar-room, smoking a pipe; "I ain't been into a school-house since I was twelve years old, and I ain't larn'd any thing from books since, and I know more now than any college-bred man I ever saw."

"Well, Bob, how are you?" said a dashing blade to a poverty-struck poetaster. "Why, I've been troubled a great deal with the rheumatics lately." "And how is your wife?" "She's very rheumatic, too." "And how's little Dicky?" "I think he has got a touch of the family complaint; I think he is a little rheumatic too." Dear me; well I will call upon you in a day or two, and see how you are: where do you lodge?" "I am almost ashamed to ask you to our lodgings, for that is *room-attic* too!"

Two weasels found an egg. "Let us not fight for it," said the elder weasel, "but enter into partnership." "Very good," said weasel the younger. So taking the egg between them, each sucks the either end. "My children," said Redtapes, the attorney, "though you have but one client between you, make the most of him."

At the late agricultural fair at Peoria, Illinois, the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas heard his name loudly and vociferously called from the Judge's stand. Supposing probably that he was called upon for a speech, he immediately climbed up on the platform, where he ascertained that the call was upon one of his namesakes to whom the committee had awarded a premium of a silver goblet for being the second best three-year-old Durham bull calf on the ground.

A gentleman in conversation with Dr. Johnson having, to some of the usual arguments for drinking, added this: "You know, Sir, drinking drives away care, and makes us forget whatever is disagreeable; would not you allow a man to drink for that reason?" Johnson replied, "Yes, Sir, if he sat next *you.*"

Liston went to Paris in 1829, and was one day noticed walking in front of the Hotel Meurice, with his tongue hanging out of his mouth.

"What are you doing that for?" asked his intimate friend, Potier.

"Why," replied the eccentric man, "I'm learning your language, and I want to catch the accent."

HOW TO ASCERTAIN IF A HOUSE IS UNTIDY.—Look behind and underneath the pillows and cushions of the sofas in the drawing-room or parlor, and if you find concealed there any cloths, or dusters, or rags, or "things to mend," you may come to the safe conclusion that that house is an untidy one.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, Jan.* 11, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.	Exports.
Week ending Jan. 9, 1858	$1,549,281....	$541,443
Corresponding week, 1857	3,464,797....	1,022,709
Decrease............	$1,915,516....	$481,266

Extreme dullness pervades every branch of trade, and there is little prospect of a revival of business before the spring. Of specie, we sent out last week nearly two and a half millions; same week last year the export was only a quarter of a million. Still, it is not expected that the balance in bank can be much reduced, as the country exchanges are still in favor of the city.

The news, per *Africa*, of the decrease in the rate of discount at the Bank of England from 10 to 8 per cent. is calculated to produce a better feeling in mercantile circles, though failures and extensions are, it is to be feared, still the order of the day.

The Stock Market continues very firm and buoyant. Good State Stocks are eagerly sought after for investment; and Bank Stocks, which ruled at 50 per cent. discount at the height of the panic, now command par. In railroads, there is a large speculative business, chiefly confined to the Wall Street operators. The public rarely appears in the railroad share market at present, except to realize. The confidence in this class of securities was so severely shaken by the events of last season, that some time must elapse before it can revive.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, January* 11, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week exhibited no remarkable degree of activity....Breadstuffs were in moderate demand, chiefly for home use, at improved prices for the leading kinds, closing, however, tamely, and, as in the case of Flour, languidly. The receipts have been light, and receivers have evinced no disposition to force off their supplies. Buyers, however, purchased with reserve, anticipating no serious rise in prices....Provisions opened with a fair inquiry, at, in part, advancing rates, but closed quite heavily, with more sellers than buyers....Groceries were in good request, and prices were supported for all articles save Sugars and Rice, which slightly declined....Cotton attracted more attention, and increased in value. Our available supply is 15,808 bales, against 74,411 bales same period last year. The receipts at all the shipping ports, to latest dates this season, have been 1,050,960 bales, against 1,490,111 bales to the corresponding period of last season. The total exports from the United States so far this season have been 528,8·5 bales, against 551,135 bales to the same date last season. The total stock on hand and shipboard in all the shipping ports at the latest dates, was 532,572 bales, against 722,973 bales at the same time last year. The stock in the interior towns at the latest dates was 90,418 bales, against 105,976 bales at the corresponding date a year ago....The Dry Goods trade manifests some symptoms of returning animation, but the actual sales were light, and prices were unsettled....Hay, Hops, and Tobacco were in fair demand at firm rates....American Hemp and Wool were rather more sought after at quoted figures....The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 25	@	$4 75
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 25	@	4 55
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 55	@	8 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 45	@	7 50
Extra Canadian, per barrel...........	4 30	@	5 90
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel..	4 50	@	7 75
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	4 00
Corn Meal, per barrel...............	3 00	@	3 50
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 10	@	1 40
Red Wheat, per bushel	88	@	1 15
New Crop Corn, per bushel	66	@	70
Rye, per bushel	72	@	73
Barley, per bushel..................	70	@	80
Western Oats, per bushel	45	@	46
State Oats, per bushel..............	42	@	44
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	33	@	39
Southern Oats, per bushel............	29	@	37
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	9½	@	9¾
Mess Pork, per barrel................	14 85	@	15 10
Prime Pork, per barrel...............	12 00	@	12 25
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	9 00	@	10 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	5 75	@	6 50
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	18 00	@	23 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	14 50	@	16 00
Cut Meats, per pound.................	6	@	8½
Lard, per pound......................	8½	@	9½
State Butter, per pound..............	12	@	23
Western Butter, per pound............	10	@	15
Cheese, per pound....................	6	@	8
Rice, per 100 pounds.................	2 25	@	3 50
Rio Coffee, per pound................	8½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon............	18	@	25
Hyson Teas, per pound	25	@	55
Oolong Teas, per pound...............	30	@	50
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21½	@	22
North River Hay, per 100 pounds	55	@	75
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	10
Kentucky Tobacco, per pound..........	7	@	18
Seed Leaf Tobacco, per pound.........	9	@	35
Am. Hemp, undressed, per ton.......	95 00	@	100 00
Am. Hemp, dressed, per ton	135 00	@	160 00
American Fleece Wool, per pound....	27	@	45
American pulled Wool, per pound ...	20	@	28

Freights were dull and heavy. For Liverpool—Cotton, ¼ @ 5-32 per pound; Flour, 1s. 9d. @ 2s. per barrel; Grain, 5d. to 6d. per bushel; Rosin, 2s. per barrel; Beef, 3s. 6d. @ 4s. per tierce; and Heavy Goods 20s. @ 25s. per ton. For other ports proportionate rates. The number of vessels in the port of New York on Saturday was 672 of all classes.

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were heavily supplied with Beeves, which were in moderate request at reduced prices....No important variation occurred in the receipts, prices, or sales of Milch Cows, the trade in which is restricted....Although the number of Veal Calves offered during the past week equaled those of the preceding week, yet the market was not as well supplied, owing to a greater demand....Sheep and Lambs were less abundant, and more inquired for....Swine were plenty, heavy, and drooping....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending Dec. 30.	Week ending Jan. 6.
Beeves.....................	1,672	3,796
Milch Cows	161	192
Veal Calves................	310	310
Sheep and Lambs	8,319	6,625
Swine......................	2,047	3,165

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

New York..........	1719	Kentucky...........	137
Ohio..............	307	Connecticut........	100
Indiana...........	228	Pennsylvania.......	48
Illinois..........	175	New Jersey	22

The range of prices, according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to premium Beeves, per pound ..	$0 7	@	$0 10½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	5	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 00	@	10 50
" " per pound.........	6	@	10
Live Swine, per pound...............	4½	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½

The Country Produce Markets display very little vigor....Fruit and Vegetables are in fair supply and moderate request....Poultry is abundant, and is in demand, being obtainable at low rates.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel..................	$2 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	6½	@	8
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	2 00	@	—
Chestnuts, per bushel	2 00	@	2 25
Peanuts, per bushel	70	@	90
Cranberries, per barrel.............	7 00	@	9 50
Potatoes, per barrel................	1 75	@	3 75
" per bushel..............	85	@	90
" sweet, per barrel...........	—	@	4 50
Onions, per barrel	1 25	@	3 00
Turnips, per barrel.................	50	@	75
Squashes, per barrel	2 25	@	2 50
Pumpkins, per 100	25 00	@	30 00
Beets, per barrel	—	@	1 50
Cabbages, per 100	2 00	@	4 00
" Red, per dozen	75	@	1 00
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	1 50
Carrots, per barrel.................	—	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100......................	2 50	@	3 00
Celery, per dozen	50	@	1 00
Garlic, per 100	5 00	@	5 50
Eggs, Limed, per dozen..............	17½	@	18
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	20	@	21
Chickens, per pound.................	8	@	12
Fowls, per pound....................	6	@	12
Guinea Fowl, per pair...............	44	@	50
Ducks, per pound	10	@	13
" per pair	25	@	3 00
Turkeys, per pound..................	10	@	14
Turkeys, Wild, each	2 00	@	5 00
Geese, per pound....................	7	@	10
Pigeons, per dozen	1 62	@	2 50
Prairie Hens, per pair..............	1 00	@	—
Partridge, per pair	60	@	75
Roasting Pigs.......................	1 25	@	2 25
Rabbits, each.......................	10	@	15
Hares, each.........................	10	@	15
Squirrels, each	3	@	4
Venison, per pound	8	@	13
Bear Meat, per pound	12	@	16

ADVERTISEMENTS.

SUBSCRIBERS TO

IRVING'S WASHINGTON,

Who have not yet been supplied by Local Agents, can have any volume, post-free (FOUR ARE COMPLETED), by sending the money direct to the publisher.

OCTAVO EDITION, $2 00 per volume, cloth.

DUODECIMO EDITION, $1 50 per vol., cloth.

ILLUSTRATED EDITION (36 Nos. published), 25 cents each.

Now is the time to complete sets.

G. P. PUTNAM, Publisher,
321 Broadway, New York.

RICH CLOTH COVERS
FOR
VOLUME I. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY
ARE NOW READY.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

The Trade and Bookbinders will be supplied at
TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE, and several hundred magnificent Paintings, will be awarded as premiums among all persons who subscribe to the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION before the 28th of January, 1858.—See advertisement in this paper headed "Brilliant Success."

GROVER & BAKER'S
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES
Are unquestionably the best in the market for family use. No well-regulated family can afford to do without one.

Our readers are advised to call and examine them, at 495 Broadway, New York.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY for Young Ladies, 5 miles from Boston. A Catalogue may be obtained of the Principal,
Mrs. T. P. SMITH, Box, Boston, Mass.

$150 WILL PAY FOR BOARD AND TUITION in the FLUSHING FEMALE COLLEGE one year. Address Rev. WILLIAM H. GILDER, A.M., President, at Flushing, Long Island.

FUN!!!

HARPER'S COMICALITIES.
SELECTED FROM DRAWINGS BY
LEECH, DOYLE, AND OTHERS.
CONTAINING
THREE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIRST SERIES.
PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

For Sale by all Booksellers and Periodical Dealers.

ROMAN EYE BALSAM FOR WEAK AND INFLAMED EYES. This Balsam is the very best remedy that can be used for inflamed eyelids. It almost instantly relieves all irritation, and usually effects a complete cure after a few applications. For sale by A. B. & D. SANDS, No. 100 Fulton Street, N. Y.

INFLUENZA.—It is now conceded BRANDRETH'S PILLS will cure Influenza. No one of sense should think better or worse of them because they are advertised in the public papers. They are an

ARTICLE OF COMMERCE AND DOMESTIC CONVENIENCE,

and are admitted to be the best made pill in the world. A muscular purge, mucous purge, and a dydrogogue purge combined, and these effects properly controlled by a dirigent and corrigent. Being thoroughly soluble, no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membranes, so that they cure even piles and constitutional costiveness.

These Vegetable Universal Pills of Dr. BRANDRETH are the best purgative, and his Life Addition Pills are better than Blue Pills as an alterative, and I have examined them and know them to be free from minerals.
A CITY M.D.

MURILLO'S
CELEBRATED PICTURE,
THE CONCEPTION,
Formerly the property of the late King of Holland, now belonging to Mr. Wm. H. Aspinwall.

THIS WONDERFUL PICTURE, considered one of the finest works of the great Spanish Master, will be exhibited for a short time only; the proceeds of the Exhibition to be devoted to THE HOME FOR CHILDREN OF SEAMEN, and to the Refuge of Friendless Females, known as THE HOUSE OF MERCY.

Now on exhibition at the galleries of
WILLIAMS, STEVENS, WILLIAMS & CO.,
No 353 Broadway.
Admission 25 cents.

BRILLIANT SUCCESS!
FOURTH YEAR OF THE
COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION.
THE FAMOUS
DUSSELDORF GALLERY OF PAINTINGS!
PURCHASED AT A COST OF $180,000!
AND POWERS' WORLD RENOWNED STATUE OF THE
GREEK SLAVE!!

Re-purchased for *Six Thousand Dollars*, with several hundred other Works of Art, in Paintings, Sculpture, and Bronzes, comprise the Premiums to be awarded to the subscribers of the
COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION,
who subscribe before the 28th of January, 1858, at which time the awards will take place.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Every Subscriber of *three dollars* is entitled to

A copy of the large and splendid Steel Engraving, entitled "MANIFEST DESTINY," also to

A copy of the COSMOPOLITAN ART JOURNAL one year, also to

A Certificate in the Award of Premiums, also

A free admission to the Dusseldorf and Cosmopolitan Galleries.

Thus it is seen that for every *three dollars* paid the subscriber not only receives a

SPLENDID THREE DOLLAR ENGRAVING!

but also the beautifully illustrated

TWO DOLLAR ART JOURNAL, ONE YEAR.

Each subscriber is also presented with a Certificate in the Awards of Premiums, by which a valuable work of Art, in Painting or Sculpture, may be received in addition, thus giving to every subscriber an equivalent to the value of *five dollars*, and a Certificate *gratis*.

Any one of the following $3 Magazines are furnished instead of Engraving, if desired, viz.: "Harper's Magazine," "Godey's Lady's Book," "Atlantic Monthly," "Knickerbocker," "Graham," "Emerson and Putnam," and "Blackwood's Magazine."

No person is restricted to a single share. Those taking five memberships, remitting $15, are entitled to an extra Engraving, and six tickets.

Full particulars of the Association are given in the Art Journal, which contains over sixty splendid Engravings, price *fifty cents per number*. Specimen copies will be sent to all persons who desire to subscribe, on receipt of five postage stamps (15 cents).

Address C. L. DERBY, Actuary C. A. A.,
548 Broadway, New York.

VOL. I. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY,
handsomely bound in
CLOTH EXTRA,
is now ready.
Price $3 50.

N.B. This Volume can not be sent by Mail on account of its weight. It will be sent by Express, if so desired, freight to be paid by the Purchaser.

A SONG BY SOMEBODY.
Appropriate for every body.
Air—"Let us haste to Kelvin Grove."
We must both, without delay,
Bonnie lassie O!
Seek two ninety-three Broadway,
Bonnie lassie O!
Where delightful presents fall
To the lot of one and all.
Who for books excited call,
In that ever crowded hall
Bonnie lassie O!

N. B.—Catalogues of gifts and books at the great American Gift Book House sent free on application.
Address A. RANNEY, Agent,
293 Broadway.

CLOAKS!
CLOAKS!!
CLOAKS!!!

BRODIE'S
CELEBRATED CLOAKS
ARE NOW
STILL FURTHER REDUCED IN PRICE,
IN ORDER TO
CLEAR OUT
HIS
ENTIRE STOCK,
IF POSSIBLE,
DURING THE HOLIDAYS.
WONDERFUL BARGAINS!
No. 300 CANAL STREET, N. Y.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO.,
TIGHT-STITCH SEWING MACHINES,
EMBRACING
HICKS'S RECENT IMPOVEMENTS,
AND LICENSED UNDER HOWE'S PATENT.
Manufactured, corner Essex and Lincoln Streets, Boston.
Office 262 Broadway, New York.

DR. H. JAMES discovered, while in the East Indies, a certain cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and general Debility. The remedy was discovered by him when his only child, a daughter, was given up to die. He had heard much of the wonderful restorative and healing qualities of preparations made from East India Hemp, and the thought occurred to him that he might make a remedy for his child. He studied hard, and succeeded in realizing his wishes. His child was cured, and is now alive and well. He has since administered the wonderful remedy to thousands of sufferers in all parts of the world, and there is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not at once take hold of and dissipate. Night-sweats, peevishness, irritation of the nerves, failure of memory, difficult expectoration, sharp pains in the lungs, sore throat, chilly sensations, nausea at the stomach, inaction of the bowels, wasting away of the muscles. It purifies all the fluids and secretions in the shortest reasonable period; it nourishes the patient who is too much reduced to partake of ordinary food; it strengthens, braces, and vitalizes the brain; it heals, as if by magic, all internal sores, tubercles, ulcers, and inflammations; it stimulates, but is not followed by a reaction; it at once obviates emaciation, building up waste flesh and muscle, as the rain vivifies and enhances the growth of the grass. It is without a rival as a tonic, and it immediately supplies electricity, or magnetic force (as if it were a battery), to every part of the enfeebled and prostrate body. The undersigned has never failed in making those who have tried it completely healthy and happy. Price $2 per bottle. Those who have a particle of doubt as regards the above statement, or do not feel able to purchase the medicine, will have a recipe containing full instructions for making and successfully using, and a history of the discovery, sent free of postage, on receipt of their address. Address Dr. H. JAMES,
No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

UNSURPASSED ATTRACTIONS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR FEBRUARY.

CONTENTS.

AN AMERICAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.
Illustrated by Twenty-one Engravings.
LIVINGSTONE'S TRAVELS IN SOUTH AFRICA.
Illustrated by Fifteen Engravings.
A CULINARY CAMPAIGN.
Illustrated by Six Engravings.
A MARRIAGE TRAGEDY. By WILKIE COLLINS.
WHAT WOMEN TALK ABOUT.
A SUMMER'S AFTERNOON.
HOW TO ENJOY WINTER.
REMINISCENCES OF A MAN OF THE WORLD.
PRUNES AND PRISMS.
NANCY'S BROOK.
JACK OF ALL TRADES. By CHARLES READE. (*Continued.*)
THE VIRGINIANS. By W. M. THACKERAY.
Illustrations: George's Secretary at War.—The Wilderness.—Four Head-Pieces.
Chapter IX. Hospitalities.
Chapter X. A hot Afternoon.
Chapter XI. Wherein the two Georges prepare for Blood.
Chapter XII. News from the Camp.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES. Books of the Month.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
MISS FANNY FLIRT AND HER VICTIMS.
Illustrations: Miss Fanny.—Herr Sweitzer.—Señor Maccaroni.—Fred Faro.—Mons. de Crapaud.—Mr. Mist.—Mr. Vacuum.—Tom Racket.—Charles Sediment.—Q. P. Opaque.—Mr. Bull.—P. Donegal.—Mr. Blodger.—General Banger.—Joshua Brads.—Mr. Spondoolicks.
FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.
Illustrations: Children's Costumes.—Coiffure.—Dress Cap.—Under-Sleeve.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous Illustrations by the Author, was commenced in the DECEMBER Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets—received from the Author in advance of publication in England—for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

MR. CHARLES READE'S NEW STORY, entitled "JACK OF ALL TRADES—A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE," written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, was also commenced in the DECEMBER Number.

MRS. GASKELL'S BEAUTIFUL STORY, entitled "THE DOOM OF THE GRIFFITHS," will be found in the Number for JANUARY.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S POWERFUL TALE, entitled "THE MARRIAGE TRAGEDY," appears complete in the present Number.

The above three stories are written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" must be paid at the Office *where it is received.* The Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

POWERS' GREEK SLAVE, and several hundred magnificent Paintings, will be awarded as premiums among all persons who subscribe in the COSMOPOLITAN ART ASSOCIATION before the 28th of January, 1858.—See advertisement in this paper headed "Brilliant Success."

INCREASED ATTRACTIONS!

BULWER, THACKERAY, CHARLES READE, MRS. GASKELL, AND WILKIE COLLINS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous Illustrations by the Author, was commenced in the DECEMBER Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets—received from the Author in advance of publication in England—for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

MR. CHARLES READE'S NEW STORY, entitled "JACK OF ALL TRADES—A MATTER OF FACT ROMANCE," written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE, was also commenced in the December Number.

MRS. GASKELL, Author of "MARY BARTON," has become a contributor to HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and a thrilling story from her vigorous pen will be found in the January Number.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS'S POWERFUL TALE, entitled "THE MARRIAGE TRAGEDY," will appear complete in the February Number.

The above three stories are written exclusively for HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

BULWER'S BRILLIANT ROMANCE, entitled "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" pronounced to be the masterpiece of this polished, witty, and learned novelist, by special arrangement with the Author, appears in HARPER'S WEEKLY simultaneously with its publication in England.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume I. of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50, is now ready.

Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish their Numbers bound, at Fifty Cents each. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT allowed to Bookbinders and the Trade.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY," when taken together, are supplied at FOUR DOLLARS a year.

Numbers from the commencement of both the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY can still be supplied. Specimen copies furnished gatuitously. Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest Club rates.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY" must be paid at the Office *where they are received.* When prepaid quarterly in advance, the Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents a year* on the WEEKLY.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to their Subscription, *Thirty-six Cents* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents* on the WEEKLY, for the American postage.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.